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WANTED.

BY F. A. M.

Wanted, a hand to hold my own,
As down life's vale I glide;
Wanted, an arm to lean upon,
Forever by my side.

Wanted, a firm and steady foot,
With step secure and free,
To take its straight and onward pace
Over life's path with me.

Wanted, a form erect and tall—
A head above my own—
So much that I might walk beneath
In shadows o'erme thrown.

Wanted, an eye, within whose depth
Mine own might look and see
Uprising from a guileless heart,
O'erflown with love for me.

Wanted, a lip, whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone;
A voice whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone.

Wanted, a true and honest soul,
To pious purpose given,
With whom my own might pass along
The road that leads to Heaven.

"SHIP AHOY!"

A Story of Land and Sea.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE "MERRY MAY" CAME IN.

"NOW, my sons, all together!"

"Yo-ho!—hoy-y!"

"Now another!"

"Yo-ho!—a-hoy-y!"

"Now all together, my lads!"

"Ahoy!—hoy! hoy!—yer-hup!"

"Now a good one!"

"Yoy-hoy!—yer-hup!—hoop!"

"Another pull, my sons!"

"Hoy!—yoho! yoho!—hup!"

"Well pulled. Now your song."

"Ho! hauly yo! hoy-y!
Cheerfully, men, ho!—yo-hoy-y!"

Pull, stamp, and haul together, and the good ship, the Merry May, working into dock, with her foretopmast gone at the cross-trees, her maintopgallant badly sprung, a splice in her spanker-boom, and her sides battered and denuded of paint.

Two boats swept away, and a big piece of her bulwarks patched up in a sorry fashion after that great wave pooped her, and cut its way out of the port side as though the bulwarks had been made of bandbox. Worse than all, too, there is about as strange a makeshift of a rudder as was ever seen; for after a fair voyage from Colombo, in rounding the Cape the sea rose, and the wind blew what old Basalt called "a snorer," and he swore a dozen times — pooh! a thousand times in oaths, but a dozen times in his assertion — that the May would go to the bottom.

But she did not; for Captain John Anderson knew his duty as well as any sailor in the merchant service, and fought the storm like a good man and true — beat it like a Briton, when a score of other men would have given up, and gone down on their knees in despair, and prayed to God to save them.

"Like a set of lubbers!" said old Basalt when telling the story at the Jolly Sailors afterwards, over a glass of Mrs. Gurnett's best rum and water.

"But there, Lord bless you! I taught the boy to make his first knot—I made a sailor of him; and a sailor he is, every inch, God bless him!"

Here old Jeremiah Basalt wiped either a tear or a drop of rum and water out of his eye.

"Sink? Not she. We was knocking about for a fortnight, and he never once left the deck. Sails was blown outer the bolt ropes, bulwarks swept away, boats went, and the fellows was ready to give up; but d'ye think he would? Not he. Why bless yer, he's that much of a true Briton, that if Davy Jones himself was to come and say to him, 'You're dead, now, as a copper fastener,' he wouldn't believe him. Not he. He says to me, just about the worst of it, when it was blowing the greatest guns as ever did blow, 'Jerry,' he says, 'I undertook to sail this here ship for Mr. Halley,' he says; 'and she's got a cargo in her of tea and silks as is worth a hundred housand pound,' he says; 'and I mean to run her safe into London Dock afore I've done.'

"He roared them three words — a bit shorter, you know—into my ear as we was holding on to the spokes of the wheel, just in the werry worst on it; for, bless you, he wouldn't trust no one else then.

"Drenched we was to the skin, and puffing to get a breath now and then — with the wind shrieking in your ears, and the sea spitting in your face, and cutting your very eyes out. 'No, Jerry,' he says, 'while I've breath in my body,' he says, 'I'll never give up.' And then—bang!"

"What?" said Mrs. Gurnett, breathlessly, as, in his excitement, old Basalt swept his half drunk glass of grog on to the floor.

"What? Why—bang!" cried old Basalt, again bringing his first down upon the table with a blow that made every glass in the snug bar parlor ring again.

"Bang! Mrs. Gurnett, bang! The wheel spun round, and sent the cupen to leeward and me to windward, half stunned, under the bulwarks; and when we come to again, we found the rudder swep' away, and the poor old ship wallering in the trough o' the sea, like a blown porpus in a tideway.

"Ship seas? Ah, we did ship seas; and anybody else 'ud a gone quietly to the bottom 'cep John Anderson my Jo; and if he didn't rig up a rudder out of a boom, and work it with ropes and blocks, and get her afore the wind again, why I aint here without a drop o' rum and wate' to wet my throat, dry with all this talking."

But to go back to the dock. There was the good ship the Merry May in sore plight as to her outward appearance; but tight, and free from water. Her whole cargo was safe, and in port; her captain proud, and talking to his owner, as the men, under old Basalt's orders, cheered, and hauled, and helped the dock men till the vessel was through the great flood-gates, and being warped in amongst the tier of shipping in the inner basin.

An hour after, the riggers were on board, and up aloft, unbending sails; while John Anderson was shaking hands with Mr. Halley, a florid old gentleman, who was at the gangway.

"At one o'clock, then, to-morrow, Anderson, at Canonbury. Lunch and a glass of wine. And God bless you, my boy, and thank you!"

"Don't say any more, sir, pray."

"But I must say more, Anderson," said the owner. "I don't believe there's another captain who would have brought her into port; and no insurance would have ever recompensed me for her loss. Good-bye — God bless you!"

"And you too, sir. Good-bye."

"At one to-morrow," from the wharf.

"At one to-morrow, sir," from the gangway.

Mr. Halley passed out of the dock gates, and took a cab to his offices in Shipping-street; and Captain John Anderson, aged twenty-nine, fair, sunburnt, grey-eyed, and frankly handsome, went home like a good son, as she said he was, to think of some one else, and to kiss his mother.

* * * * * * *

If you can imagine Mary, Queen of Scots, at the age of seventy-two, and wearing a black silk dress, you have before you Mrs. Anderson, standing with her cross-handled stick in one hand, while with the other she caresses the crisp, brown, Saxon curls of her son's hair,

Her fair old face stands out from her stiffly starched ruff-like collar and beautiful crimped cap. Her grey hair is suitably arranged over her temples, and every feature seems to speak and say — "This is my son!"

It is a quaint old room where they are; well furnished, but there is a nautical smack about it. You can even smell the sea—the odor being furnished by some bunches of bladderwrack hanging from the nail that supports the painting of "The Flying Betsy barque passing the Nab Light"—a finely-executed work of art, wherein you have every sail set, a series of dots along the deck to represent captain and crew, and the foaming billows rising foam-capped with a regularity that suggests their all having been formed in the same mould. Over the chimney-piece hangs the portrait of the late Captain Anderson pere, who appears to have run a good deal to fat.

Beneath it is suspended his spy-glass, bearing upon its long tube the flags of all nations. There are cabinets of walnut, too, with curiosities from all parts. A chest from China, a screen from Japan, some New Zealand waddles, and bird skins and feathers from the Cape—collections commenced by the father and continued by the son.

"So, you're going up to Mr. Halley's, John, are you?"

"Yes, to lunch, mother."

"I don't think you ought to go, John — the first day you're home with your poor old mother."

"But it's business, dear — I could not refuse," said Anderson, gently, as he passed his arm round the slight old figure, and kissed the handsome old face.

"May be," said the old lady, enjoying the embrace, but evidently only half satisfied.

"I'll soon be back to you," said the son, smiling; "they won't want me there very long."

"I don't know, John, I don't know. I should not so much mind you going, but Mr. Halley has a daughter."

"Yes, of course he has," said John Anderson, starting, and with the blood mounting to his forehead.

"And I do not want her to be laying traps for my boy."

"Why, you dear old goose," cried John, laughing outright; "what a fine fellow this son of yours is, isn't he?"

The old lady bridled up, and knitted her brows.

"Do you think it would be safe for either of the Queen's unmarried daughters to see me?" laughed John. "They might have marriageable ideas."

"They might do worse, John," said the old lady, stiffly, but stroking his hair the while.

"Why, my dear old darling," said John, huskily, as he drew her down upon his sturdy knee, and laid his forehead against her shoulder, "do you for a moment think it possible that a rich shipowner's daughter could ever lower herself to look with the eyes of favor upon a poor ignorant merchant sailor, who has only one idea in his head, and that is the working of a ship?"

"If you don't wish to break your poor old mother's heart, John, say no more," said the old lady, sobbing angrily. "As if there was a nobler, a finer a handsomer, a cleverer man anywhere in the whole world than—"

"Phew — w — w — w!" whistled Captain Anderson, softly, as he drew the frail old figure closer to him, and kissed the wrinkled forehead reverently, saying to himself—

"Thank God for making mothers!" And then aloud—"There, there, dear, when I am about to sail a fresh ship and want a character, I'll send the owners to you."

"Such nonsense, John! As if it were ever likely you would want a better ship than the Merry May."

"Well spoke, Mrs. Anderson — well spoke," said Jeremiah Basalt, entering the room with two sways and a lurch; "as if it was likely that the captain would ever want to sail any other ship. No, indeed. By the mark seven, as we say, Master Halley knows good biscuit when he sees it, and it 'll be a long time afore he parts company with our cap'."

"Mr. Basalt, will you take a glass of strong waters?" said Mrs. Anderson, primly, but all the same looking graciously at the rough old salt.

"Thanky, Mrs. Anderson, I will," said Basalt. "Allus water when you has a chance, and then your casks won't run dry."

The old lady trudged softly across the room to a corner cupboard; then after searching amongst the folds of her stiff silk dress she found a pocket-hole, into which she plunged her arm almost to the elbow and brought out a great pincushion, then a housewife, next a bodkin case, a piece of orris root, a pen-knife, and lastly, though not by any means the bottom of her cargo, a shining bunch of keys—one and all rubbed bright and worn with many years of friction. Selecting one key, she opened the quaint cupboard and lifted out a curious old leather-covered case, which her son hastened to take from her hands, and place upon the table, while she smiled her thanks, and then brought out two old-fashioned glasses, in the stems of which were quaint opal-lined spirals.

Then another key had to be brought into requisition to open the case, from which three square bottles were drawn.

"Your poor father's own case, John," said the old lady, as she took out a stopper and filled one of the glasses for old Basalt. "Hollands, Mr. Basalt, that he brought himself from Flushing, twenty years ago."

"Is it really?" said the old mate, holding up the greeny fluid to the light, and squinting through the glass before smelling it. "Took a good fire to 'stil it anyhow. Why, you can sniff the smoke now.

"Taste it, Mr. Basalt—taste it, and drink my John's health."

"God bless him! that I will," cried the old fellow, rising glass in one hand to slap his other into his captain's open palm, and shake it heartily. "John Anderson, God bless you!"

The grasp was as heartily returned; and then, shutting one eye, Jeremiah Basalt poured the glass of Hollands down his throat; and, grog-hardened even as he was, gave a slight gasp as he put down the glass, and turning to Mrs. Anderson, said solemnly—

"Lor! I wish I'd been a Dutchman."

Mrs. Anderson smiled graciously, and held out her hand to take the emptied glass and refill it, a movement half resented in a sham bashful manner by the old man, who pretended to draw back the glass; but all the same drew it softly to him as soon as it was refilled, to take a sniff at its contents, and then exhale a long breath, after a fashion of a connoisseur learned in the bouquet of wines.

John Anderson drained his glass, filled for him by the old lady, who even then could not resist the temptation to have another stroke at her son's hair. The next minute he rose, saying—

"I am going up to Mr. Halley's now, Basalt, and will come down to the docks afterwards."

"Not much good your coming there," grumbled the old man. "The ship's mucked up with lubbers, and will be till we get her loaded again; and the sooner the better, say I. Mrs. Anderson, my service to you, I drink your very good health this time."

And he poured the second glass of Hol-

lands down his throat, such is the force of education, without so much as a wink.

The next minute, he and his captain were standing side by side in the street.

"No news about the ship, I suppose?" said Anderson, more for the sake of conversation than anything else.

"No," said the mate, "only as I said, she's full of lubbers—lubbers up aloft, lubbers down below, lubbers on the wharf taking her cargo."

"Wait a-bit—wait a bit," said Anderson, smiling, "and we'll be off again to sea."

"Sooner the better," said Basalt; "for if I stay ashore long, I shall never get away at all. I shall be married and done for, as sure as a gun."

"Stuff!" said Anderson, laughing, and holding out his hand to shake the mate's, and part.

"Stop a bit," said Basalt; "there's news of one of the Rutherby's ships."

"Good?"

"Very bad!"

"Not lost?"

"Gone to the bottom of the sea—'the sea, the sea, and she's gone to the bottom of the sea,' as the old song says."

"Bad job that, Basalt."

"Not it," growled the old fellow. "Heav'ly insured — rotten old hulk — sent out a purpose. Ha! the men drowned, and the owner turns his eyes up like a gull in thunder, wipes the corners, and then rubs his hands and goes to church.

"There's lots o'them games carried on, and owners makes fortunes out of it. They say Rutherby's does, Rangford and Co.'s does, and some more of'em."

"Basalt," said Anderson, flushing up, and speaking hotly, "you're a prejudiced old humbug. Do you mean to say that in your heart you believe a shipowner would be such a cold-blooded scoundrel as to send a crew to sea in a vessel that he knew to be unsafe, and that he had heavily insured?"

"Yes I do—swear to it!" said the old fellow, stoutly.

"It's all confounded rubbish!" was the reply. "Why a demon would think twice before he did such a thing. Why, it's rank murder."

"To be sure it is," said the old fellow. "Why, I've known it done over and over again. I could show you the man who have done it, and made money by it. I don't say as their crews was always drowned; but they were sometimes. As to demons, and them sort of chaps, I never know'd one as was in the shipping trade, and don't know whether they make good shippers; but I'll tell you this, and swear to it too, my lad, I've known shippers, and have sailed for 'em, as would have made out-an'-out good demons. So put that in your next quid, my boy."

Here the old fellow went growling off, and Captain Anderson made his way to the corner by the Bank, to get a Canonbury 'bus, muttering to himself as he went—

"As good an old fellow as ever stepped, but as prejudiced and obstinate as a wooden mule."

CHAPTER II.

HOW JOHN ANDERSON MADE LOVE.

CANONBURY is not fashionable, but it is comfortable.

The old red brick houses look snug and prosperous. There is an air of wealth about the district, and old-fashioned ease. The red walls indicate warmth; and when once beyond them and their coating of ivy and over-shadowing trees, you expect to find solid furniture, good plate, and fine linen.

You are quite right in your expectations—they are all there; and as to veneering, it is not known in the older parts. There are cellars to the houses in Canonbury: none of your West-end cellars, under the pavement with an iron disc in the centre for the admission of coals, but rare old cellars of a hundred years and more, with fine fungous growths amongst the brickwork, and a glorious smell of damp sawdust. *That!* you know in a moment that there are bins there with rare dry natural sherry that has been lying for years, and rich, tawny old port next door, whose beeswing breeds glorious fancies in the mind of him who sips it over the dark, glossy mahogany of its owner. And that is not all, for here and there, too, in Canonbury are bins of that rare, priceless old wine, of glistering topaz hue, rich Madeira, treasured up as a store that can never be replenished.

Your citizens have long favored Canonbury as a convenient abode; and those who have never cared to migrate westward cling to the old place still, to look down with solid respectability upon the new, semi-detached villa people, who have hemmed them in on every side, but have still left Canonbury in statu quo.

It was at a quarter to one that Captain John Anderson, with his cheek flushed and heart palpitating, pulled at the bell by the old iron gateway of Brunswick House—that great, red-brick, ivy-covered mansion that faces you as you go down from Upper-street towards the Tower.

He had meant to ring gently; but the bell sent forth a clamorous peal which brought a formal-looking footman in drab to the door, where he stood for a moment, and then condescended to come down to the iron gate.

"Why didn't you come in — the gate was open?" said the footman, looking his visitor over supercilliously—for Samuel had a most profound contempt for Shipping-street, and the bluff, handsome captain savored to him of the shop.

But Captain Anderson was distrait; and merely saying, "Tell your master that I'm here," passed on into the hall, from whence he was shown into the drawing-room, where as the door closed behind him, he stood with palpitating heart, trembling and nerveless, and with a stifling sensation at his throat in the presence of his fate.

You don't believe it, perhaps, you! Maybe you are not strong, and big, and sturdy, and desperately in love with a sweet-faced, loveable girl, in the first flush of her beauty. You do not believe, perhaps, in a huge Hercules becoming slave to a beautiful Omphale? I am sorry for you: I do; and, what is more, I have history on my side, with hundreds of cases where the strong are really the weak. It is a pity, but all the same it is so; the bigger, and stronger, and more muscular you are, the greatest shall be your thraldom when you are led captive by some such a fair maiden as was May Halley.

Shall I try to paint her? I will, though I have but white paper and black ink. No; upon second thoughts, I will not, lest I fail; and therefore let me say that, without the aid of classic features, she was all that could be desired in a sweet English maiden, whose eyes were grey, cheeks peachy, forehead white, and who upon occasion could flash up into a very Juno.

As Captain Anderson was announced, he became aware of the fact that a tall, fair young man was in the act of bidding a lady good-bye, and bending with great empressement over her hand. Then it seemed that the door was closed, and that the room was clouds; and he, John Anderson, below them on earth, and May Halley above them in heaven.

Then she spoke—words simple and commonplace, but sufficient to thrill him through and through.

"I am glad to see you safely back, Captain Anderson. Take a seat. Papa will be disengaged very soon."

John Anderson did not make any response, but stood, hat in hand, gazing at the fair girl before him till she flushed scarlet, and half turned away with resentment in her bright eyes.

He could not have spoken then to have saved his life, for a great struggle was going on with him.

For a few moments the room seemed to spin round, and he saw May Halley through a fiery mist; then two red anger spots began to burn on his cheeks; a dull, dead, aching sense of pain fell upon his heart; and he stood with his hands clenching till the great veins stood out, swollen and knotted, while the dew stood upon his forehead in large drops.

For John Anderson had awakened to the fact that the idol he had worshipped now for years, without ever thinking of speaking of his love, was also the idol of another. He had seen that tall, fair young man—smooth, gentlemanly, with the world's own polish, fashionable of exterior—bending over May's hand and saying words that must have been of a complimentary nature; for she had smiled pleasantly as she bade him adieu.

Yes, and he had taken that hand in his—his, such a soft, white, well-cared-for hand; while the one John Anderson clenched, till the nails pressed savagely into his flesh, was brown, hardened, and mugged with toil. There was a great tar mark, that had refused to be washed off; and as for a moment the young man's eyes fell, it was to see that black stain there.

That black mark! It was a brand of his toil-spent life; and he shivered as he thought of the house of cards he had reared—dreaming, as he had been, of May in the long watches of many a night in the far-off seas, when he had leaned over the bulwarks thinking of home, and the fair girl whom he had seen at each return, growing more and more into a beautiful woman.

Yes, he knew it all now: that he had been dreaming; that he was but a rough, coarse sailor, fit only to battle with the sea; while this fair pearl was to be worn upon the heart of a polished gallant, and———

John Anderson started, for May Halley was standing before him with outstretched hand.

"I am very glad to see you back," she said.

In a moment John Anderson had the soft little hand between his, and in another he would have raised it to his lips, but the thought of what he had witnessed came at that instant like a chill; and, dropping her hand, he half staggered back and sank into a chair.

"Captain Anderson!—is anything the matter? Are you unwell? Shall I ring for a glass of wine?" exclaimed May, in tones full of concern, every word thrilling the strong man's heart, and making every fibre vibrate.

"Yes — yes!" he exclaimed, half beside himself, as he caught her hand in his—"there is much the matter. I—I—there—I must speak—I am half mad, May—darling. I know I am but a rough sailor—but—since a child—loved you—Oh! for God's sake, don't turn away from me! Tell me—tell me that I am right—that you do not love that—that man I saw here! I—"

He stopped, for May stood before him with reddened cheek and flashing eye. He heard but three words, but they burned in to his brain as she turned away—

"How dare you!"

The next moment she was sobbing in her father's arms, for Mr. Halley had entered unperceived with the visitor of a short time before.

"What does all this mean?"

"Oh, papa," sobbed the girl, "Captain Anderson has insulted me!"

"A confounded cad!" exclaimed the young man, facing Anderson, and laying his hand upon his collar, as if to turn him out of the room; but the next instant—it was like a flash more than anything else—he was lying on the carpet, having crushed in his fall a frail, spider-legged table, and carried with him a vase of flowers, which pleasantly ornamented his white visage as he lay.

The next minute John Anderson was hurrying down the street on his way back to town, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, only feeling that he was mad—that he had acted like a madman—that he had, in one wild moment, demolished the idol that had been his sole thought for years, and that now life was one great burden, and the sooner he was away again at sea the better.

"At sea!"

He said those two words aloud, and stopped short so suddenly that he was rudely jostled by a passer-by.

At sea! Why, after what had passed this morning, he would lose the command of the Merry May. Mr. Halley would never allow the presumptuous man who had insulted his daughter with his impertinent pretensions to sail his ship; and he would be without a command!

It was horrible to think of; but the thought would come, and John Anderson gave a groan as he called himself a maniac, and staggered along, feeling that he had lost love, his ship, self-esteem, and the confidence of his employer. And all for what?

All for love: the love of as sweet a woman as ever was made to give happiness to sinful erring man.

"Yes," said John Anderson, "I have lost all. And all for what? All for love! What shall I do now?"

He stood again for a moment or two, thinking; and then, with a half-mocking half-tearful smile, he said, simply——

"I'll go home."

CHAPTER III.

HOW JEREMIAH BASALT WENT TO SEE THE WIDOW.

I NEVER drinks but one glass of grog a day at sea," said old Basalt—"never but one, Mrs. Gurnett. For why? 'Cause there's dooty to be done, and may be a watch to keep; and if your superior officers takes more than's good for them 'what's to be expected of your men? But now I'm ashore, with nothing to do but amuse myself, I don't care if I do take another,"

"And it's welcome you are here to as many as you like, and when you like, Mr. Basalt," said Mrs. Gurnett, rising with alacrity from her side of the fire in her snug bar to mix a fresh glass of steaming compound for her visitor, who took it with a grunt of satisfaction and silently drank the donor's health before seeing the glass down smoking slowly and thoughtfully at his pipe as he stared at the glowing fire and the bright black bars.

A quarter of an hour passed, during which Mrs. Gurnett, who was pleasant and comely in spite of her fifty years, knitted away at a pair of thick grey worsted stockings; and then Jeremiah Basalt spoke, saying, in a surly voice——

"I know I am!"

Mrs. Gurnett, landlady of the comfortable old hostelry known as the Jolly Sailors, gave a start.

"Know you are what, Mr. Basalt?"

"Know as I'm welcome, and have been this ten year, or else I shouldn't come."

Mrs. Gurnett sighed, drew at the grey worsted ball far down in her pocket, changed one of her knitting pins, and began a fresh row.

"Who's them for?" said Basalt, pointing at the stocking with the stem of his pipe.

"I was thinking of asking you to accept them before you go on your next voyage, Mr. Basalt—that is, if you are going to sea again."

There was another pause, of quite ten minutes' duration, before Basalt then spoke again.

"What should I do ashore?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Mrs. Gurnett; "only it seems to me very dangerous going to sea, and you are not so young as you used to be, Mr. Basalt. We none of us are."

"Pooh!" said Basalt. "Fifty-seven—nobbut a boy yet. And as to danger, why, it's a deal safer at sea than it is here, I do know that. Why, if I was to give up the sea, what 'ud become of me? I should always be hanging about here, and then you'd get tired of me."

Mrs. Gurnett sighed, and continued her knitting.

"You're a good soul, though, and I like you, Mrs. Gurnett, better than any other woman I ever saw in my life; and if I was a marrying man, instead of a chock of old salt junk, soaked and hardened, and good for nowt but to knock about aboard ship, I'm blessed if I don't think I should say to you some fine day, 'Mrs. Gurnett, will you have me?'"

Mrs. Gurnett sighed again, and looked more attentively at her knitting, while Basalt smoked himself into the centre of a cloud.

"I think I'd make 'em a little more slack in the leg this time," he said at last.

"Them others was so tight that they opened in the back seams, and you can't worry well caulk when you're out at sea."

"You have very fine legs, Mr. Basalt," remarked Mrs. Gurnett, glancing at her visitor's lower extremities approvingly, as she gave another tug at her worsted.

"They do right enough," said the old fellow, disparagingly; "and as long as they keep me going I'm satisfied. But what do you think of our cap'n's choice—speaking as a woman, now?"

"I did not know that he had made a choice," said Mrs. Gurnett, indifferently; for the conversation was taking a turn in which she felt no interest.

"He has, though," said Basalt; "and as nice a little craft as a man would wish to own—clean run, pretty counter, all taut alow and aloft, and I should say as good a lass as the ship we sail in, and as bears her name."

Mrs. Gurnett dropped her knitting, and gazed in her visitor's face.

"You don't mean to say—"

"Don't I? but I just do; and what is there surprising in that? Here's Cap. John Anderson, as smart a sailor and as handsome a young fellow as ever stepped, and here's Miss May Halley, as pretty a gal; and if they wouldn't make a nice pair to consort together, and sail these here stormy seas o' life in company, why tell me."

Here old Basalt took a hasty sip of his grog, and stooped to pick up the knitting, which had glided to the floor, as Mrs. Gurnett sat dreamily smoothing one of her pleasant old cheeks with her long knitting needle.

"That's dropping stitches wholesale and for export," said Basalt, with a grim smile, as he laid the work upon its owner's lap; but the remark drew forth no response, only Mrs. Gurnet said, in a low, sorrowful tone——

"Dear—dear—dear—dear—dear!"

"What's dear, dear?" said Basalt, gruffly.

"Oh, Mr. Basalt, I'm very, very, very sorry to hear all this."

"What, about the cap?"

"Yes, very grieved indeed."

"Gammon!" said the old sailor. "Why, he loves the very ground she walks on; thinks about her all day and all night too. Many's the time he's walked the deck with me in a dark watch and talked about that gal—when she was a gal, you know, of ten and twelve and fourteen; but since she's been growed a woman, 'No,' says he to hisself—I know just as plain as if he'd told me—she's too good and beauti ul to be talked about to a rough old sailor."

"For true love's a thing to be kept snug in the locker of yer heart like a precious jewel. Look here, Betsy——"

Mrs. Gurnett started; for Jeremiah Basalt in all the years she had known him, had never before addressed her by her Christian name.

"Look here, Betsy," he said, drawing his chair closer, so that he could lay one great horny paw upon the hostess's plump white hand.

"Don't, Mr. Basalt," she said, with a sob, "the customers might see you."

"Blame the customers!" said Basalt, sturdily; "what is it to them if I like to speak out my mind like a man?

"Look there, my lass, I'm rough but I'm ready; and I aint known you fifteen year come this Christmas without knowing as I'd got a heart in my buzzum. 'That's a good woman, Jerry,' I've said to myself hundreds o' times, 'and if ever you marries, marry she, if she'll have you.' 'I will,' I says; 'I'll ask her some day.' But I aint going to be such a brute to a woman as to ask her to have me, and then keep going away to sea. There, swab up those tears, my lass," he continued, for the great drops were chasing one another down Mrs. Gurnett's cheeks.

"'No,' I says, 'I aint a-going to be always a-leaving her; and I aint a-going to be such a brute to myself—as is a man for whom I has a great respect—as to have to be leaving her. No. My 'pinion is that when you tie yourself tight to a woman, you oughtn't to be parting the strands. 'No,' I says, ''taint time yet, but there's the port you hope to reach, Jerry;' and to reach that port I've got eight 'undred and twenty-seven pun' sixteen and sixpence saved up, and it's all safe in a pair o' them stockings as you knitted for me, my lass, one put inside the other so as to be strong. And I says to myself, I says, 'There, Jerry Basalt, there's your cap'n as loves true, and there's you as loves true; and when he asks she to have he, and she marries he, why you shall go and empty that there pair o' stockings in Betsy Gurnett's lap, and you says to her, says you, My lass, you says, I brings this here, not as you cares a ball o' spun yarn about money, but just as no spiteful' longshore-going warmint should say as Jerry Basalt wanted to marry you for the sake of the snug business and the few pounds as your master—God rest him!—left you when he give in the number of his mess; and then you says, says you—'"

"Oh, Mr. Basalt, Mr. Basalt!" cried the hostess, clapping her apron to her eyes, and sobbing loudly, as she rocked herself to and fro, "then it won't never—never be; for Miss Mary's promised to be married to somebody else."

"Stow that!" cried the old fellow, excitedly, as he started from his chair, and then stood looking down at the weeping woman. "Don't come no woman's games with a poor fellow as is as innocent as a babby of all 'longshore things, and has spoke out his mind free and handsome."

"Oh, Mr. Basalt, I wouldn't deceive you for the world," said Mrs. Gurnett, turning up her wet eyes to look full in his.

"That you wouldn't," he cried, taking her hand in both his, and sawing it up and down.

"You're deep water right away, and there aint a rock or a shoal in you from top to bottom, I'll swear; but I'm took aback, my lass, as much for John Anderson's sake as I am for my own.

"Avast there a minute, and let me give a look out ahead."

He walked to the red-curtained window, and stood looking out for a few moments, as if into the stormy night; but really into the dark, empty parlor of the Jolly Sailors.

Then he came back to speak seriously, as he stood with one hand resting on the table.

"It looks squally," he said—"very squally, my lass. And," he continued, giving a tug at his collar, "it seems to me weather as may be the wrecking of a fine handsome teak-built ship, A 1 at Lloyd's, and called John Anderson my Jo; and likewise of a

weather-beaten old craft that meant to come well into port, and her name—his name I mean" he added, correcting himself—"his name I won't say nothing about.

"But, anyhow, you know the bearings of the coast better than I do, so heave ahead. I'll have another gluss the whiles, for I'm for all the world as if I'd shipped a heavy sea."

"I've known Miss Mary from a baby, and nursed her when I was in Mr. Halley's service," said Mrs. Gurnett. "It was from the old house in Canonbury there that James Gurnett married me—being coachman, and having saved a little money."

"I think I remember," said Basalt, huskily.

"And it's been going on now some time," continued Mrs. Gurnett. "There's a gentleman there constant now, and he wants May, and they tell me at the house that she has him there to see her; and they do say that he has some hold on poor old master, which I won't believe, for he's too rich and too high-spirited to be trampled on by any one.

"Anyhow, he's in the shipping trade, and partner in a big house: and I do think that they are to be married soon."

Jeremiah Basalt filled his pipe slowly, evidently thinking hard the while; then, although there were splints in a holder upon the chimney-piece, he stooped down, picked a glowing cinder from between the bottom bars with his case-hardened finger and thumb, and laid it upon the pipe bowl, and then sat sucking at it for a few minutes before he spoke—Mrs. Gurnett now sitting drying her eyes and smoothing her hair.

"It'll about break that poor chap's 'art," said Basalt, at last.

Mrs. Gurnett sighed, and there was another pause. Then Basalt said:

"What's the gent's name?"

"Merritt—Mr. Philip Merritt."

"Never heard it afore," said Basalt, gruffly: "and I wish as I hadn't heard it now. And he's got a Co., I s'pose—all shippers has—Merritt and Co., I s'pose — blame 'em!"

"No," said Mrs. Gurnett, "he belongs to a big house, and his name don't appear. I think he's a Co. himself, instead of having one; for the name up is Rutherby and Co."

"The deuce you say."

Jeremiah Basalt let fall the glass he was about to raise to his lips, and it was smashed to atoms upon the white hearthstone. Then he started to his feet, for the outer door opened quickly, and a well-known voice said at the bar:

"Is Mr. Basalt here?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Bitter Lesson.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE world said that Jessie Rayne had made a great match.

She was one of a penniless lawyer's nine daughters, visiting an aunt in New York, when Stephen Brooke fell in love with her.

And as for Jessie herself:

At first she fancied that she had stepped into an early Elysium.

In the Rayne household a five-dollar bill had been a thing to be questioned and considered about long before it was spent; a new dress was dreamed, and whispered, and manœuvred about long before anyone ventured to mention it to her.

Luxuries were rare, cleaned gloves and dyed silks were the rule, and economy in all its forms was practiced severely.

But now, to the unsophisticated young girl her handsome young husband seemed an Aladdin, his Madison Avenue house a palace, his liberal purse absolutely without a limit.

And pretty Jessie plunged into the delights of New York life like a butterfly into a garden of roses.

Stephen Brooke was proud of her beauty and piquancy; he was devotedly in love with her; and yet there were times when he was almost annoyed with her fantastic moods.

"Jessie," he said one day, "I wish you had not selected that Mrs. Wilton for your bosom friend."

Jessie pouted.

"I haven't done anything of the sort, Stephen," she said.

"But you go everywhere with her."

"That's because she is the fashion."

"I do not like her," said Stephen.

"But why?" urged the bride.

"There is something coarse and masculine about her," asserted the young husband.

"You are prejudiced," cried Jessie.

"Am I? Well, time will show. In the meantime, dearest, let me ask of you to be less intimate with her."

Jessie lifted her blue eyes, half apprehensively, to her husband's face.

"I have promised to go with her to the Races, Stephen," said she.

Mr. Brooke's dark brows contracted, his lips curved ominously.

"The last place in the world where I should want my wife to be seen with a woman like this Mrs. Wilton," he said sharply.

"But I do want to go so much—and you know, Stephen, you are to be out of town."

"Another reason why you should not go."

Jessie shrugged her shoulders petulantly.

"I declare, Stephen," said she, "it's just as Mrs. Wilton says—you husbands are tyrants."

"I wonder what Mr. Wilton thinks about it," said Mr. Brooke drily.

"That is, if there is such a personage. But I want you to promise, Jessie, not to go to Jerome Park with that woman in my absence."

The spoiled beauty gave her yellow curls a toss.

"Dear me," she said "I am tired of the subject. Mrs. Wilton is nothing to me in particular, neither are the races. Only.——"

"Then you will not go?"

"No, I won't go—and now do let us talk about something else."

Stephen Brooke smiled and kissed the young wife whom he loved so fondly, in spite of all her faults, and as he did so he slipped an exquisite sapphire ring, circled around with diamonds, upon her finger.

"I saw it at Sterne's to-day," said he, "and the blue matched your eyes so exactly that I had to stop and buy it."

"Oh, Stephen," cried Jessie, "you are so good to me!"

But on the morning of the races Mrs. Wilton's claret-colored landau stopped at Mrs. Brooke's door, and Mrs. Wilton herself, an over-dressed lady of forty, blazing with large diamonds and robed in the richest maize silk, softened with black lace draperies, swept into the boudoir where Jessie sat writing letters.

"Come love, said she, "are you not ready?"

"I told you I was not going," said Mrs. Brooke.

"But that's all nonsense!" cried Mrs. Wilton, waving her jewelled fan. "All the world is going.

"Do you want to be classed among the nobodies? Of course you are going, my dear. Get your things quick, the carriage is waiting.

"Miss Buckingham and the Count di Paolo are with me. We shall have the most stylish party there."

"Yes, but Mr. Brooke prefers that I should not go to the races during his absence," hesitated Jessie, sorely tempted to disobey.

"My dear, don't be a goose," said Mrs. Wilton. "All men would like to make state prisoners of their wives, and if you are ever to break through this bondage, it is now. And ten to one Mr. Brooke will never know of our little escapade.

"Put on that pale blue satin dress of yours with the white Chantilly shawl and your little French forget-me-not hat—you are irresistible in that costume."

And so foolish little Jessie allowed herself to be over-persuaded.

It was like a draught of champagne to her inexperienced palate, that brilliant day at the Park.

The crowd, the sunshine, the glitter of superb equipages, the flutter of bunting, the shouts of the populace, the thundering rush of the horses, the dizzy atmosphere of excitement that pervaded everything.

Mrs. Wilton and Miss Salome Buckingham had each their favorite horse, and the Count di Paolo selected one for Mrs. Brooke.

Rivalry ran high.

Miss Buckingham betted kid gloves.

Mrs. Wilton produced an ivory-backed book and a diamond-topped pencil, and betted her chain bracelets against the Count's pearl studs.

And before Jessie Brooke fairly knew what she was about, she too was drawn into the fascinating whirlpool of chance.

They drove homeward in the purple twilight of the summer's evening, Mrs. Wilton loudly boasting of her successful venture, Miss Salome Buckingham laughing and talking in a way that Jessie could plainly trace to the effects of their champagne luncheon, and the Count di Paolo was whispering sleepy sentimental nonsense into her ear until she could have cried with anger and mortification.

After all, would she not have been wiser to have taken Stephen's advice, and kept away from the Races?

The next evening Stephen returned home.

There was someting dark and stern in his face which made Jessie shrink into herself even before he spoke.

"Something has annoyed him," said she to herself. "I won't tell him just yet—I'll wait until after dinner—at least Mrs. Wilton says so."

The servant had scarcely put the dessert upon the table and vanished, before Mr. Brooke himself spoke.

"Jessie," he said, "I cannot tell you how much I was shocked and grieved to day, to see the diamonds I had given you for a wedding-present exposed for sale in a second-hand broker's window.

"If I had not recognised their antique setting, I should scarcely have believed the evidence of my own senses.

She threw herself on her knees at his feet.

"Oh Stephen, oh my husband!" she cried "forgive me. I have disobeyed you, and I am justly punished."

"I know it all," he said gravely. "The tongue of rumor has not been silent on the subject.

"You were flaunting about with that vulgar pawnbroker's widow and her friend, the billiard-marking count, in the face of all New York—you——"

"But hear me, Stephen," she pleaded, her blue eyes swimming with tears, her voice trembling with emotion. "Give me at least an opportunity to speak in my own defence; all that you can say will not be half so bitter as the sting of my own conscience. I know how greviously I have offended you—yet pray, pray believe that there is yet some good left in me.

"On my bended knees I sue for your pardon, on my bended knees I promise never again to see or speak to that odious woman- who has been the cause of all my troubles."

And then she confessed all—how, carried away by the excitement of the moment, she had risked her own diamonds on the chance of a certain horse winning—how she had lost them to Mrs. Wilton, and how the loss had suddenly opened her eyes to the mad folly of her conduct.

"I do believe, Stephen," she said, "that for the moment I was crazy, and oh, what an awakening mine was! I would have given everything I had in the world to have had you at my side, to have turned my back for ever upon those odious people. I know I don't deserve to be forgiven, but——"

He opened his arms and took her tenderly to his breast.

"Dear little wife," he said, "let this subject never be mentioned between us again. You have suffered punishment enough. Look!"

He drew a morocco case from his pocket, and unclasping it, revealed the flash of the neck-lace she had deemed gone from her possession for ever.

"Never part with them again, dearest," he said. "They have been in our family for a century, let them still remain there.

"And you will love me again, Stephen, and trust me as you did before?" she sobbed.

"I will love you, and trust you, darling, to your life's end!" he answered.

An so the matter terminated, and Jessie Brooke never saw Mrs. Wilton again.

But the lesson had been a bitter one, and she remembered it as long as she lived.

DOGS IN LITERATURE.

MACAULAY'S definition of a dog as "an animal that only spoiled conversation is quite characteristic of that eminent and, withal, monopolizing talker, who would most unreservedly have indorsed the parody, "one man's pet is another man's nuisance." But Goethe's feelings had passed the bounds of boredom; dogs were an abhorrence to him; their barking drove him to distraction. Lewes tells us of the poet's troubles as theatrical manager at Weimar, when the cabal against him had craftily persuaded the Duke Carl August, whose fondness for dogs was as remarkable as Goethe's aversion to them, to invite to his capital the comedian Karsten and his poodle, which had been performing amid the enthusiastic acclamations of Paris and Germany, the leading part in the melodrama of "The Dog of Montargis." Goethe, being apprised of this project, haughtily replied: "One of your theatre regulations stands, 'No dogs admitted on the stage;'" and thus dismissed the subject. But the invitation had already gone, and the dog arrived. After the first rehearsal Goethe gave his highness the choice between the dog and his highness's then stage manager, and the Duke, angry at his opposition, severed a long friendship by a most offensive letter of dismissal. He quickly, however, came to his senses, and, repenting of his unworthy petulance, wrote to the poet in the most conciliatory tone; but, though the cloud passed away, no entreaty could ever induce Goethe to resume his post. Alfred de Musset's dislike of dogs was intensified by unfortunate experience, for twice in his life a dog had nearly wrecked his prospects; once, when, at a royal hunting party, he blunderingly shot Louis Philippe's favorite pointer; and again, when as a candidate for the Academy, he was paying customary visit of ceremony to an influential Immortal. Just as he rang at the chateau gate, an ugly, muddy whelp rushed joyously and noisily to greet him, fawning upon the poet's new and dainty costume. Reluctant to draw any distinction of courtesy at such a time, between the Academician and his dog, he had no alternative but to accept the slimy caresses, and the escort of the animal into the salon. The embarrassment of his host he accounted for by the barely defensible behavior of his pet, but when the dog, having followed them into the dining-room, placed two muddy paws upon the cloth and seized the wing of a cold chicken, De Musset's suppressed wrath found relief in the reserved suggestion: "You are fond of dogs, I see." "Fond of dogs!" echoed the Academician, "I hate dogs." "But this animal here?" ventured De Musset. "I have borne with the beast," was the reply, "only because it is yours." "Mine?" cried the poet, "I thought it was yours, which was all that prevented me from killing him!" The two men shouted with laughter; De Musset gained a friend; but the dog and his kind an enemy more bitter than before.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.—The Coliseum is one of the grandest ruins in the world. It is one of those rare buildings whose reality surpasses any engraving. Everybody knows the form of it, but few can rightly estimate its magnificent proportions without seeing it. The seats rose in terraces four stories high; each story was about forty feet high. In fact, the height of the outer wall was one hundred and fifty-seven feet. The arena was two hundred and eighty-seven feet long by one hundred and eighty wide. Including the wall, the building measured six hundred and twenty feet by five hundred and twenty feet by five hundred and thirteen, being as usual, elliptical. The material was the travertine stone, in large blocks, with which brick masonry is intermingled. The blocks of stone were not cemented together, but were kept in their places by iron pins between each two blocks. The walls have all been defaced by holes made to get out these iron pins or bolts. The worked of destruction on this, as on all the other ruins, is arrested, and the present pope is doing all he can to preserve them.

A SOLDIER at Fort Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, caught 4,626 trout with hook and line during the year 1891. The largest weighed ten pounds.

Bric-a-Brac.

AUSTRALIAN BRIDALS.—When a girl is betrothed her mother and aunts may not look at or speak to the man for the rest of his life, but if they meet him they squat down by the wayside and cover up their heads, and when he and they are obliged to speak in one another's presence they use a peculiar lingo, which they call "turn-tongue."

GYPSY LORE.—Perhaps the reason that gypsies understand so well how to work upon the sympathies of others is because they are superstitious themselves. Some gypsies set their boots crosswise before going to bed, fancying thereby to keep away the cramp; a female gypsy carried the skeleton of a mole's foot, which she called a "fairy foot," because she believed it good against rheumatism; and it is a standing truth among them that children in teething should wear a necklace made of myrtle stones, which for a boy must be cut by a woman; by a man for a girl. An adder's slough or a bit of mountain ash is certain to bring good luck; and with the same object, some of the children wear round their neck black bags containing fragments of a bat. In order to hurt an enemy you have only to stick pins into a red bag and burn the same; others for the same end resort to the cruel practice of sticking pins into a toad until it looks like a hedgehog, and then bury it with certain observances. One old woman, called a ghost-seer, carried in her pocket a little china dog dressed like a doll. "I mind," says the gypsy who tells the story, "she lost it once, and she was in such an awful state till it was found; and she used to fancy it would talk to her when she was all alone smoking her pipe in the van. You should see a pack of very old fortune-telling cards, which was painted in different colors. She used to select the different ones for each day; sometimes she would have those with the devil and serpents on them, then she would carry those with birds and palaces."

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.—Different customs prevail in different countries in this as in other matters. A curious ceremony for example, is associated with popping the question, among the Samoydes of Russia. When a young Samoyede desires to marry, and has come to an understanding with the damsel of his choice, he visits her father, and, with a short stick, taps him, and then the mother of the maiden, on the shoulder. He then demands the girl in marriage, and offers the father and mother a glass of vodka which he has brought with him. As a token of his good-will, the father drinks the vodka; he tells the young man he has no objection, but that he must ask the girl's consent. A few days later the young man comes again, this time accompanied by what servants he has, and provided with plenty of vodka. His retinue remain outside while he enters the room and seats himself by the side of his lady-love. The father hands the young man a glass of vodka; he drinks the half-full glass under his left arm, to the girl who finishes the draught. The father then gives his daughter a glass vodka, and she in like-manner drinks half of it, and presents the remainder, with her left hand under her right arm, to her lover, who drains the glass. After this the father hands a piece of raw meat to the young man, who eats it, and then takes a piece from the floor, eats half, and presents the other half under his left arm, to the girl to finish. She in turn takes a piece of meat from the floor, eats half, and hands the other half, under her right arm, to the young man to finish. This extraordinary ceremonial would appear, to complete the transaction, and may be regarded as synonymous with our engagement. The feasting and other ritual necessary to ratify the contract generally take place soon or immediately afterward.

THE HOLY MOTHER LOVE.—Bear in mind the evening's text—"And the door was shut"—and you may perhaps realize the effect of the following, told with a little of the Scotch burr clinging to the preacher's tongue and the "plain" speech making the pathos stronger: One of the young girls in a little village was led away into sin, perhaps by the example of some of her companions, and leaving her home went away to London. But one day while proceeding along the street she came by a church and heard the congregation singing a tune she knew well. She paused a moment, and while listening a sudden vision came to her of the home she had left, her father and mother, the quiet village and the simple and pure life that had once been hers. A longing swept through her heart just to creep over the threshold of home and sit at her mother's feet, no matter if it were in sin and in shame even, though she brought her disgrace home with her—mother was there and forgiveness and love were there. So she travelled the long distance to the little village, but feeling that she must not be seen coming home by the neighbors. Weary and footsore and longing though she was, she hid in the fields till dark, and then she waited and waited, fearing that she could not make it right with "feyther" till "feyther" should be gone to bed and she could find mother sitting alone. And when she came to the house her beating heart stopped in fear, for the lights were gone and she remembered that the door was shut at night. Yet at any rate she must see, and her heart leaped again when she found that the door was open. Light as was her foot when she stepped within, one ear heard it, and her mother's voice, low and trembling with hope, spoke from an inner room, "Jeanie, is it you?" "Yes, mother, and oh, I feared to find the door shut." Spake the mother: "Ah, Jeanie, lass, the door has nae been shut since you left."

THE DOUBT RESOLVED.

BY J. D. S.

To go or stay I scarcely knew,
Perplexed by mandates twain,
For while my love pronounced "Adieu,"
Her aspect said "Remain."
'Twixt what I saw, and what I heard,
My judgment wavered quite—
Whether she meant by glance or word
To part us, or unite.

But now each lover I advise,
Like me to make his choice;
In duty to his lady's eyes,
To disregard her voice.
Such orbs with kinder light are filled,
The nearer we adore;
And pouting lips, if bravely stilled,
Will banish us no more.

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED]

WHEN the Emperor returned to the palace, he found his wife afflicted with a nervous twitching of the face. She threw herself into his arms without a word.

The Emperor gently placed her on a couch, saying to a noble who was standing near:

"What a commencement of a reign!"

The royal pair were surrounded by their family.

Conspicuous in the group was the Czarowitz Alexander, his wife, and his four little sons, Nicholas, Alexander, Vladimir, and Alexis, an infant of two years.

The Czarowitz was a handsome man, but his face was of a different cast to that of his father.

His eyes had none of the haughty fire that quelled a rebellious nation, but, in its place a mild benevolence.

His face was rounder than the Emperor's, and showed the German blood in its full outlines.

His expression was always mild, and, when his countenance was in repose, sad.

Captain Cazlott, Guido, and Alexis kissed the hand of the Empress and wished her many happy returns of this, her birthday.

The Empress, tired as she looked, smiled her sweet, sad smile, and thanked them in a low, silvery voice.

Then they saluted the Czar and all the rest of the imperial family, and passed out of the royal presence chamber to make room for the crowd that pressed on.

It is said that, on the birthday of the Empress, six thousand carriages, thirty thousand pedestrians and numberless boats leave St. Petersburg to proceed to and form encampments around Peterhoff.

When Feodora was left to herself, she bathed her flushed face, and smoothed her long fair hair.

She felt vexed with herself now for having indulged in those tears, but the traces of sorrow soon passed away from the fresh young face, and, when she left the house, she looked as lovely as she had ever done.

Carlotta sat waiting for her friends.

She was not too well pleased with the beautiful girl who was such a formidable rival, and her ill-temper did not add to her somewhat faded charms.

"Good morning, Carlotta. I am late, but I really could not help it. I thought they would never go!"

"Oh! it is time enough," was the ungracious rejoinder to this polite speech.

"I am glad of that. I was afraid you would be vexed at having to wait," said the wily Feodora.

"No, I don't care anything about it. I have a great mind not to go."

Feodora was seriously disturbed by this speech.

But she need not have felt the slightest alarm, Carlotta would not have missed the fete for anything.

"Just as you like, Carlotta. I will stay at home, if you say so. But won't Octave and the Prince be disappointed if we are not there?"

Without indulging in much more conversation, Carlotta went to a large box and threw open the lid with a toss of her head.

Feodora could not repress a cry of delight at the magnificent dress that lay before her.

It was a lustrous silk, of a soft, delicate shade of grey, and with it there was to be worn a white lace shawl, fine and soft as cobweb, a white lace bonnet, with a dainty bunch of blue forget-me-nots in front, a pair of gloves just one shade darker than the dress, and a sun-shade the same color.

"What a lovely, lovely dress. Oh, Carlotta, help me put it on."

She lifted it from the box and threw it over the back of a chair.

She uttered another cry of joy, for there lay a beautiful pink and black striped sarafan, white underdress and chip hat, trimmed with floating pink ribbons, and on them a card with these words in Prince Wittgenstein's own handwriting:

"For Carlotta to wear at the fete."

Prince Wittgenstein knew the way to put Carlotta in a good humor.

She was wild with joy when Feodora read the inscription, for reading was not numbered among Carlotta's accomplishments.

"Oh, Feodora, he is a perfect angel. I like my dress ever so much better than yours. Yours is so dowdy, just like the little grey pigeons that fly about St. Isaac's chapel."

Feodora did not say anything, but she was more than satisfied.

Here was the quiet, elegant dress of a lady, Carlotta's the fine dress of a peasant.

Carlotta twisted up Feodor's long golden hair, as she had seen ladies wear theirs; and, when she put on the white bonnet, with the soft blue spray just resting on the glossy tresses, Carlotta could not refrain from expressing her admiration.

"Why, Feodora! You look so very beautiful, I really would not wonder if the Emperor himself took a fancy to you."

"Hush, Carlotta! The good Emperor is a married man, and a grandfather besides."

"Pshaw, girl! Married man, indeed! Are married men blind? I like to hear you talk. Married men know pretty girls when they see them, as fast as single ones. They are not blind, though I dare say their wives often wish they were."

When the two girls left the house, they proceeded at once to the quay, where Prince Constantine's boat was waiting to convey them to Peterhoff.

Feodora encountered many glances of admiration as she walked along in her rich dress.

She had requested the Prince to send a thick veil with her dress, but the soft mist of white lace only enhanced the loveliness of her face, and did not conceal it.

CHAPTER IX.

CINDERELLA.

WHEN Feodora landed at Peterhoff, her first feeling was alarm, for at any moment, she might encounter her father, uncle, or Alexis.

It was now four o'clock, and the two girls passed quickly through the park, for at five the reception was over and the royal family retired,—to rest, to dine with the foreign ambassadors and other people of consequence, and to dress for the ball.

"By our lady, there is a beauty!"

This exclamation came from the lips of a young officer of the Empress' guard as Feodora passed up the stairs.

All his companions turned to look at her, and they all appeared to share his admiration.

She never raised her eyes, but she felt the earnest gaze of Wittgenstein fastened on her face.

The officer who had first observed her, watched the graceful figure out of sight, and then turned to his companions with a flushed, eager face.

"Did you ever see such a glorious face? Such a perfect figure! Who is she? Oh, how I wish I could go in and see her again. She will be lost in this beauty crowd before I get away from these horrid stairs."

Wittgenstein favored the speaker with a haughty look of displeasure.

"Why do you wish to follow the lady about, Roboff? Do you suppose she wishes your company?"

"I don't know, and I don't care, but she shall have it, whether she wishes it or not. I never saw such a lovely face. I shall propose to her the moment I find her. See if I don't."

A loud laugh followed this remark.

Roboff was a very youthful officer, being only nineteen years of age, but he had a high opinion of himself, having been a page at court ever since he was ten years old.

He stroked his little straw-colored moustache fondly to the no small amusement of his friends, and the great indignation of the Prince.

"You had better take care, boy. Don't annoy the lady with silly attentions till you find out who she is."

Roboff laughed.

"Oh, she can't be much, you know. I know the girl she is with—know her well enough. I will get Carlotta to present me to the new one, and then I'll propose."

Wittgenstein could not help smiling at the pompous manner of the little fellow, but Roboff looked severely at him, and said:

"What are you grinning at? Can't a fellow marry and settle without getting laughed at? I don't intend to remain single till I am so old and ugly that no one will have me, like some fellows do."

This was intended for a sly hit at Platoff, but he was too much feared to be laughed at.

"No," the little man went on, "no; I always said I should have the handsomest wife in Russia, and so I shall. Did you ever see such a beautiful figure? Did you ever see such a beautiful face? No, I'll be bound you did not. I am going to propose to her, so that is a settled fact."

"But," said the Prince, when the laughter had subsided, "but perhaps she won't accept your offer."

Roboff eyed the Prince with quiet scorn, looking up at him out of the corner of his sharp grey eye in an irresistibly funny way, and then said said slowly:

"Wittgenstein, I am sorry for you. You ain't a bad-looking fellow. Indeed, people of vulgar taste, who are fond of colossals, might consider you rather a good-looking man, but you're manners are quite deficient! It grieves me to tell you this, but it is the duty of a friend, and everyone knows Roboff never shirks duty. Your manner is rustic; yes, very. Time may improve it; you may tone down; but I fear not. I tremble for your future. My young friend, with tears in my eyes, (metaphorically speaking, for I never cry unless present at the paring of onions,) let me beseech you to make the deportment of the human figure and etiquette at court your study. Do this and accept my blessing. Refuse me—Count Sergie Roboff? No, this hitherto nameless stranger shall be Countess Roboff. She deserved a high destiny, for she is very lovely."

Wittgenstein now saw that the boy was in earnest, and, as he was famous for carrying out any fancy that came into his head, he was annoyed at this one.

His face grew still more gloomy as Roboff gravely discussed his marriage, as if it was a settled fact.

Roboff was an orphan, and the ward of the Emperor.

He was a great favorite at court, and did pretty much as he pleased, for, stern as Nicholas was to the world, he was kind and indulgent to those he loved.

"You are so sure of being accepted that you will have no objection to having a bet on the subject?" said Platoff, sneeringly.

"Oh, no," said the boy eagerly. "I don't mind. But is it the thing for a man to bet upon such a solemn subject as marriage?"

"No; do not," said Wittgenstein. "Don't bet with the boy, Platoff. Roboff you should drop this joke now; whoever the lady is, it is not right to talk of her in this way, though it is only a jest."

"Jest! I am not jesting, I tell you. I am in earnest. Never more so in my life."

Wittgenstein turned away.

He was disgusted that the girl he loved should be the subject of remark among these wild young officers, and he feared they would annoy Carlotta by their mistimed attention before the three days of festivities were over.

Of Feodora he had no fear.

She would not for one moment encourage them, and he would see that she was not annoyed.

He was now relieved from duty, and he strolled away to one of the pavilions, where the hungry people were eating and drinking at the Emperor's expense, and appearing to heartily enjoy the royal magnificence of viands and wine.

The first person he saw on entering the tent was Carlotta.

She was standing with her back to the door, chatting gaily with an officer of the Chevalier guard.

Near her stood Feodora, eating an ice.

She took no part in the conversation her friend was carrying on, though the officer tried to attract her attention.

Wittgenstein joined the group, and addressed Feodora in French.

She turned to him, with her beautiful face full of delight, for she was beginning to weary of the entertainment.

She was annoyed at the obvious, but at the same time disagreeable, admiration of the men and the envy and spitefulness of the women.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," she exclaimed and her bright smile confirmed her words.

"And I, also, am glad to see you. You are the most beautiful object that has gladdened my eyes to-day."

"Thank you. I must try to express my gratitude for the great kindness and the pleasure it has given me. But does that gentleman who is talking to Carlotta understand French?"

"Most probably he does. It was the language of the court till a few years ago. Don't you think it is pleasanter outside than in this hot tent? Yes, tell your friend where she can meet you in an hour, and let us go for a walk in the park. I will show you the new marble fountain that was erected last week."

She turned to Carlotta.

"I am going for a walk, Carlotta. Will you meet me here in an hour?"

"I don't know. I think I will accompany you. It is so hot here."

Carlotta did not fancy being shaken off in this style.

She had plenty of acquaintances among the people that thronged the tent, but she was determined she would stay with Feodora till the Prince would provide her with an escort to get rid of her.

Wittgenstein looked annoyed when the gaily-attired and rather vulgar-looking peasant girl walked out of the pavilion by his side.

Feodora was a perfect lady in her dress and appearance, but to walk with Carlotta in broad daylight, among such a crowd, would excite remark, and he made up his mind at once that it would never do.

On all sides of the tent stood groups of officers, and he know they would be exercising their wit at his expense, and the complexion flushed his face and made him nervous; but what could he do?

Just at this moment, to his great relief, he saw Roboff coming towards them, leaning on Platoff's arm.

Wittgenstein turned to Feodora, and, requested her to excuse him for a moment, and crossing the path, passed his arm through Platoff's, and led him away.

"I say Wittgenstein, I don't want to go that way.

"Platoff is going to introduce me to that lovely girl.

"Come, Wittgenstein, I half believe you were with her a moment ago. I do, really."

"No, no, Sergie, you must not go to speak to Carlotta just now; everyone will wonder, if you do," said Platoff.

"What meanness!" exclaimed the impulsive Sergie. "What unparalleled meanness! Anyone I ever speak to I speak to at all times.

"Every lady knows me! I am no parvenu and therefore I can be seen with anyone." Sergie was as proud as he was impulsive, and Wittgenstein's face flushed painfully as he thought, "I felt almost ashamed of Feodora, while this boy would be proud to know her."

"And so Platoff, you won't be seen speaking to Carlotta now? Well, then I will bid you good day.

"I'm off at once, to walk up and down, around and about. With this lovely French lady and her rather—well—I hardly know what to call her—her rather un-aristocratic friend."

So saying, Roboff left Platoff and the Prince, both of them feeling very much annoyed with themselves, and still more so with their friend who was so regardless of appearances.

Feodora's face was crimson with indignation when the Prince so abruptly turned and left her.

For the first time in her life she felt humbled, and angry with herself for being there.

Carlotta was not overburdened with delicacy, or regard for the feelings of others, so she said, calmly, "So Wittgenstein won't be seen speaking to us after we took the trouble to come; never mind, Feodora, we will make him sorry for that before all is over."

"Perhaps he was obliged to go," suggested Feodora.

"Pshaw! obliged to go? No, the Prince won't be seen in our company, that's what is the matter.

"Well, I did not think he was such a snob but never mind." Carlotta nodded her head and led Feodora away.

The younger girl had no idea what revenge she contemplated; she only felt deeply humiliated, and wished she had never come.

She almost felt inclined to despair of winning the hand of the Prince. Surely a man who was ashamed to even speak to her before these people, would never dream of marrying her.

"Wait, Feodora, wait, look at those flowers; did you ever see anything so lovely?" As she spake, Carlotta came to a halt before a terrace of brilliant flowers, laid out in parterres.

The long lines of bright bloom had no attraction for Carlotta, and her companion was aware of this fact, and wondered why she had conceived so sudden a passion for them; but Carlotta replied to the questioning look by saying, in a whisper, "Look! there is an officer coming to speak to us. Now we will have a chance of paying the Prince back."

Feodora looked back, and saw a young officer coming rapidly towards them.

He wore the red uniform of the Chevalier Guard, and was a handsome boy, with rather too much confidence in his own good looks expressed in his face. That face, however, was an open and manly one.

"Good morning!" said the new-comer "What a glorious day we are having for the fete; I hope you are enjoying it." These observations were addressed to Carlotta, who was slightly acquainted with Count Roboff.

"Yes, very lovely; I am indeed enjoying myself. How well the Empress looks, and how handsome the Czar."

"Yes, the Czar is a handsomer man than his son.

"The Romanoffs are a handsome race. What noble little fellows the sons of the Czarowitz are!"

"Yes, dear little fellows, and dressed like peasants in their little caftans; even the little grand-duke Alexis. Such a baby as he is."

While this conversation had been going on, the party were strolling on through the broad, flower-bordered walks, meeting soldiers, peasants, citizens, and nobles, Jews, Greeks, Turks, French, Russians, and English, all moving together in a confused mass and still as separate and distinct, in their dress, their thoughts, their language, and their passions, if divided asunder far as the poles themselves.

"Present me to your friend," whispered Roboff to Carlotta.

"Yes. She is French, but she understands Russian. Feodora, allow me to introduce Count Roboff."

Feodora smiled and bowed low, and Sergie lifted his jaunty bear-skin cap high in the air, and murmured, softly, "Bon jour Mademoiselle, I am delighted to form your acquaintance."

"Thank you," Feodora replied, and then became silent.

Sergie had not lived all his lifetime at Court, however, without learning how to keep up a conversation without much assistance, so he chatted on gaily—talking of France, where he had spent a winter, of the Court at Versailles, of la belle Paris and its attractions.

"I intend to visit France very soon again," said Roboff.

"Indeed! You are fond of travelling, then?"

"Yes, very. I was at Ems with the Czarowitz last summer, and I have been in Italy."

"Oh! have you? I so long to visit Italy. Do talk of it. Have you seen Rome?"

"Yes."

After she heard this, Feodora was no longer silent or uninterested.

She listened eagerly to every word Roboff uttered, and, in talking to him, forgot even her vexation at Prince Constantine's unkindness.

Sergie was more fascinated by the charming manner of the beautiful stranger than he had already been by her lovely face.

He did not leave Feodora and her friend till he had conducted them to their lodgings.

They were to stay in the village with an aunt of Carlotta's, and, when he bade Feodora farewell at the door, he begged the favor of dancing with her at the ball.

"How shall I recognize you? Will you go unmasked or masked?"

"I will wear a mask, but you will remember my dress, and Carlotta will be with me."

"Wear this," said Sergie, hastily, taking a

star of diamonds off his own bosom and pinning it on her sleeve.

Feodora colored and hesitated, but she did not wish to wound his feelings in refusing.

"I should not wear it; it is a decoration."

"Yes, but it is a foreign Order. Do wear it; no one will observe it, but I will recognize you."

When Roboff left them, Carlotta gave way to her pent-up feelings in loud cries of delight. "Now we will fix that snob of a Prince, and Platoff too!

"I must try and secure a lover, also. We will teach them to neglect us.

"Won't they repent to-night, when anyone speaks to everyone else.

"Perhaps the Czar, or one of the Grand Dukes, will dance with you; would not that be glorious? Anyway, you are sure of Roboff.

Everyone will know the star. Is it not lovely? Just see how those diamonds sparkle! What a lucky girl you are."

"Perhaps, Carlotta, I should not wear it. Perhaps Platoff would be annoyed."

Her friend treated Feodora's scruples with great scorn. "Not wear it? are you mad?

"Annoyed, indeed! who cares if they are annoyed?

"Were we annoyed by being left standing in the middle of the walk, like two staring idiots? Why, you simpleton, that is the very way to let Platoff see you won't be trifled with.

A girl like you should rule over half the men in St. Petersburg; and if you do not, it's all your own fault. I wish I was like you, that's all."

Thus encouraged, Feodora agreed to a plan proposed by Carlotta, which the latter prophesied would soon bring back their recreant lovers.

This scheme was to be put in effect at the ball that very night, and Carlotta was confident of success.

CHAPTER X.

CINDERELLA GOES TO THE BALL, AND MEETS THE PRINCE.

PETERHOFF, on that night, was a scene of festivity so beautiful, so dazzling, and fairy-like in its strange unearthly grandeur, as to utterly defy description.

It was a vision too lovely to be real, erected on the enchanting shore of a lake of liquid silver.

The banqueting, illuminations, and rejoicings were magnificent in their regal splendor, and almost fabulous in their cost.

All the riches of the court, the grandeur of the nobility, were lavishly displayed on this occasion.

The variety of the national costumes, the glitter of innumerable uniforms, and the rich dresses of foreign Ambassadors and visitors, formed a spectacle of matchless splendor.

All the palace gardens were illuminated; each side of every walk and avenue was a wall of fire; the trees of the parks held as many lamps as leaves; from the palace walls to the water's-edge was a blaze of colored light.

Pyramids and obelisks of fire stood on all sides, and stars shone in mid-air, but most beautiful of all were the foundations.

There are many of them in the palace gardens, and each cascade and tiny jet of sparkling water fell over glowing fire.

Lamps were placed in all sorts of ingenious ways, in the hollows of rock, behind the veil of falling water, and the effect was marvellously lovely—the jets of water and the crystal spray shining like showers of diamonds, and the many-colored lights glowing under the silvery shower with magical brilliancy.

The deep fresh green of the trees and turf relieved the starry gems on every side, and the light shone back from the calm bosom of the gulf, and the rippling water of the canal, in front of the palace, glowed like a sheet of fire.

Near the palace, and reflected on the canal shone a figure of the Empress in pure white lights.

It stood on a pedestal seventy feet in height, of red, blue, and green lights, and above the Czarina's head shone the eagle of Russia.

In the great saloons of the palace a vast throng moved about in the stately polonaise led by the Czar, with a dame of the court for his partner.

This dance is little more than a ceremonious march to the sound of the martial music.

The ladies of the court were not remarkable for beauty, the Emperor's family being the handsomest of all the court ladies. Their dresses, however, were magnificent; the married ladies in attendance on the Czarina wore trains of green velvet, over white satin robes; and the maids of honor, crimson velvet trains, also over white.

The head-dress of both single and married court-ladies is alike, a crescent of gold inlaced with precious stones, from which falls a long blonde veil to the feet.

Each lady wears on her shoulder a knot of blue ribbon, with the initials of the Empress in diamonds.

Prince Wittgenstein danced with a lady of the court, and his handsome face, and noble figure, seemed likely to find favor in her eyes, but he was strangely absent, and paid little attention to her lively chatter.

His eyes wandered over the sea of faces, surging and billowing through the vast rooms to the rise and fall of the music, in search of the one loved face that had been in his thoughts all day.

His heart was beginning to reproach him for the way he had acted towards Feodora. At the moment, it had appeared a dreadful thing to walk publicly with Carlotta, but now, when it was all over, viewing the thing calmly and dispassionately, he felt that he had acted meanly, unlike himself. What was to be done?

Feodora was proud; perhaps he had offended her beyond forgiveness, and never till now, when he feared he had lost her forever, did he realize how strong his love for her was.

His proud heart had never ached as it ached to-night; the feeling was perfectly intolerable.

As Wittgenstein moved slowly on, the slender hand of the high-born lady on his arm, he caught sight of Feodora, standing with a number of other ladies who had just arrived.

The upper half of her face was concealed by a blue velvet mask, and she wore a blue domino over her dress; but the graceful figure could be no other than that of the young Russian, Wittgenstein was certain of.

"What a singular dress," observed the lady, who lent on the arm of the Prince.

"I think that must be the same lady I noticed in the reception room to-day.

"She is very beautiful. I asked the Grand Duke Constantine if he knew who she was, and he said it must be Cinderella."

Wittgenstein would have given worlds to be free at this moment.

He saw Feodora look around us if in search of some one, and her eyes met his; the soft dark eyes gave him one reproachful glance, and then she fell back in the crowd and he lost sight of her.

"There, she is gone," exclaimed his companion. "She has gone just as I was trying to make out the order she wore on her sleeve.

"How provoking! Can you not find out who she is for me, Prince Wittgenstein? Do, there! I believe I saw her again. No, it is a shorter lady."

"If you really wish to know, I will take you to a seat, and go in search of information," said the Prince, feeling at the time a dreadful hypocrite.

The lady did not wish to lose her handsome partner, but she did feel a great curiosity on the subject of the beautiful stranger; besides, she had asked the Prince to find out, and, when he agreed to do so, what could she say? "Thank you so much, if your Highness will just take me to a seat; and you will come back?"

"Yes, as soon as I acquire the information, but I may not be able to return very soon."

With this polite falsehood on his lips, Wittgenstein hurried away.

He had no intention of returning if he could only find Feodora, but he feared she had left the spot where he had seen her.

He pushed his way through the crowd, which grew denser every moment, hailed by friends on every side, but he never stopped.

The crush was becoming awful, and the rooms suffocating, from the crowd and the heat of the numberless lights, but Wittgenstein pushed bravely on.

At last he paused to wipe his flushed face, and looked around, and then he caught sight of Feodora.

She stood near a marble pillar, conversing with Roboff.

Wittgenstein waited to see no more, but pressed on to join them.

Just then the crowd closed in, and though the Prince tried by every known means to force himself through the motley company, he could not move on one step.

What confusion! What a perfect Babel of tongues! Surely such a mixed and multifarious company never were in any one place before?

Hear a bearded Russian addresses a stout German, "Daddy, daddy, take care! Surely if thou wilt work as hard to obtain Heaven, as thou art working to push thy way here, thou shall be seated beside St. Peter himself?"

"Oh! surely, my dovey, you will stir your legs," another would exclaim.

Wittgenstein staid here not one moment longer than he could help, but when he succeeded in extricating himself from the crowd, Feodora had disappeared as completely as if she had sunk through the marble floor.

Roboff was gone also, and the Prince was by no means consoled by thinking that he was with Feodora.

Had anyone accused Wittgenstein of being jealous of the boy, he would have indignantly repudiated the charge; but wherever there is love, the heart is sure to feel jealousy, even of most unworthy objects, and Wittgenstein was certainly a prey to the green-eyed monster for the next three hours.

Meanwhile Feodora was listening to a passionate declaration of love from the lips of Count Sergie Roboff, and half inclined to lend a favorable ear to it, in her hot resentment against Wittgenstein for his supposed neglect.

In the park they strolled along the dewy path, but there was a crowd on every side, and the lights of the illumination far outshone the brightness of the day.

Feodora had given no reply to the ardent speech in which Roboff had declared his passion. She was not willing to put away this love altogether, and yet it was not the love she wished for.

Besides, this boy, who offered her his hand, with his heart, was deceived. He supposed her to be a French lady, not a peasant girl.

Feodora was commencing to find the game of life hard to play. Like all ambitious natures, she often suffered from fits of the deepest depression, and in those moments, all her difficulties stood out boldly, like lions in her path.

"Will you not answer me?" pleaded the boy, earnestly.

"Yes," returned Feodora, desperately. "I will answer you. Count Roboff, I am not what I seem. I am a peasant of St. Petersburg. I am betrothed to a wood-carver, and I came here disguised, not because I wish to be passed off for what I am not, but to escape passing three days in his odious company, for I hate him." The boy was struck dumb with amazement at this strange confession, and Feodora regretted her rashness the moment she made it, but it was too late to draw back.

"You are very much shocked, doubtless, that you know all now, and you may leave me if you wish."

"Why should I? Do not speak so bitterly. Dear Feodora, I will obtain the consent of the Czar, and we will be married at once."

It was now Feodora's turn to feel surprised, but she reflected on Sergie's youth, and she knew such a marriage would never obtain the royal sanction. No; still she was struck by the noble conduct of the young Patrician, and she thanked him warmly. "But are you sure you do not love me?" said he, sorrowfully.

"I do not know you long enough, or I should love you. You are a noble, generous boy"—before Feodora finished speaking Count Platoff came rapidly along the path, as if in search of some one.

He stopped in front of Feodora, and addressed Roboff in an authoritative tone, telling him his presence was required at the Palace.

"But my duty is over," said the boy, in rather an impatient tone.

"Can't help it. I was sent to look for you, and you must go."

"Shall I conduct you back to the Palace?" said Roboff, turning to Feodora.

"No," said Platoff, before she had time to reply. "I wish to speak with you, Mademoiselle."

"Where will I find you when I can escape?" inquired Sergie, with a perseverance that Platoff had not given him credit for.

"I do not know; but if you don't see me again to-night, I will be at my lodgings to-morrow at three o'clock," returned Feodora, Sergie pressed her hand, and left her standing with Platoff.

"Well, you seem to pick up friends with surprising alacrity, only equalled by the readiness with which you cast off the old ones," sneered Platoff, who was in a very bad temper.

"I must be very quick to cast off my former friends, unless I wish them to be beforehand with me," replied Feodora, calmly.

"I am really at a loss to understand your meaning."

"My meaning is very simple. Unless I wish to be cast off by my old friends, I must cast them off. In this instance, I was not quick enough, and they have been beforehand with me."

A livid shade spread over the worn face of Platoff, as he heard these bold words, and he answered, in a voice hoarse from passion, "Take care, my lady. Don't provoke me. What do you mean by your infernal airs?"

Feodora was rather alarmed by the question and the tone of his voice, but, before she had time to reply, all thought of Platoff, and everything connected with him, was driven from her mind, and her heart stood still with horror; while she trembled from head to foot, and a cold dew broke out on her forehead, for there, on the pathway, in front of her, his eyes fixed on her, stood Alexis! and he knew her.

For one long moment Feodora stood in speechless horror. She heard Alexis speak to her, but his voice had a far-off sound; then the lights began to dance madly, and the music died away into a confused murmur, and she remembered no more.

Carlotta, Olga, and many other gay young ladies, were seated on a long bench overlooking the lake of Marly, and enjoying the beauties of the scene, in company with a number of young officers.

The effect of the countless lights in the still surface of the water was poetically beautiful, but there was not much poetic feeling in the party whose laughter rang out over the still, star-gemmed water. No, they were more intent on the pleasures of this life, and took more interest in the dress of the Empress than they did in the beauty of the flowers.

"I wonder what has become of Feodora?" said Olga, during a pause in the flow of a loud and lively conversation.

"Yes, by the way, I have not seen her for two hours, I am sure," Carlotta remarked, carelessly.

"Whom are you speaking of? La belle Feodora?" inquired Kemptio, who was one of the party.

"Yes, I was wondering what had become of her."

"Oh! no doubt Platoff is taking care of her. I met him early in the evening, and he said he was in search of his lost love. I rather think I saw her with Roboff shortly before that, and I pointed out which way they had gone. Poor Roboff seems quite gone in that quarter."

"Where is Prince Wittgenstein?" asked Olga, with a meaning look at Charlotta.

"I saw him in the Palace half an hour ago," said one of the officers. Carlotta now proposed a move; she was tired of sitting there, she said; so they all rose and moved away.

In a few minutes the crowd separated Carlotta and her companion from the rest of the party, and, now that they were alone, the girl anxiously inquired of the young man if he had seen Count Platoff or Feodora.

"I did not wish to make a fuss, but I am really anxious about Feodora. Come, let us try to find her."

"But it will be perfectly useless to search for her in such a crowd. Do you know any place she would be likely to go?"

"No, she left me to walk in the park with Count Roboff, and I have never seen her since."

"How long ago was that?"

"More than two hours ago. It is half-past twelve now, and I am afraid something has happened to her."

Carlotta and the officer pushed and elbowed their way through the crowd, till they reached the grand staircase. It was, of course, crowded with an eager throng pressing into the Palace, and, near the top of the steps, Prince Wittgenstein's lofty head towered far above the rest.

"There is the Prince!" exclaimed Carlotta, eagerly, pushing forward to gain the broad stone stairs. "Oh! if we could only get up before he enters the Palace, for, once he is in, no one knows which way he will turn, and we shall never catch sight of him again."

"Let us go in that small door; it leads to a lobby, and we can come through and meet the Prince," suggested the officer, who was a good-natured young fellow, and pitied Carlotta's anxious state of mind.

"But that is a private entrance, and they will not let us pass."

"Oh, yes, they will let me pass."

A sentry stood at the small door.

He saluted the officer as they passed in.

But no sooner were they in the room, than they saw that it was occupied, and occupied by no less a personage than the Czarowitz.

The young officer stopped, covered with confusion, and was about to murmur an apology and withdraw.

Alexander smiled kindly, and begged them not to let his presence disturb them, as he was just going away.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, your highness. I wished to overtake Prince Wittgenstein, and thinking this room unoccupied, I ventured to pass through it, as the crowd on the grand staircase is so great."

"Do not say another word," replied the Czarowitz, with his sweet, benevolent smile. "There is a great crowd to-night. I hope they are all enjoying the fete."

The officer bowed deeply, and then held the door open for Carlotta to pass out.

His face was pale as he stood beside her, and he uttered a sigh of relief.

"What a mercy it was the Czarowitz. He will never think of it again, but the Czar would have been very different."

"Would he be angry?" asked Carlotta.

"I do not know, but I should not fancy meeting that cold, hard look of his if I were caught in a breach of discipline."

They were now in the lofty corridor, and in a few moments met Prince Wittgenstein face to face.

He bowed to Carlotta, and her first question secured his close attention.

"Prince Constantine, do you know where Feodora is? I cannot find her. I have not seen her for two hours."

"What! Is she not with you?"

"No, I am searching for her, but it seems useless to do so in such a crowd. Have you seen her to-night?"

"Yes, I saw her with Roboff, and intended to join them; but, before I could push through the crowd they had moved away, and I have not seen them since."

He might have truthfully added that he had industriously searched for them ever since.

But he did not.

He was seriously alarmed by the disappearance of Feodora, but he knew Roboff to be a manly and honorable fellow, so he did not feel so uneasy as he reflected that he was with her.

He was soon to be enlightened on that subject, however.

Just as they turned to leave the palace—the Prince insisting that Feodora was not within its walls—they met Roboff alone.

Roboff, you are the very one I have been looking. Where did you leave the lady I saw you with to-night?"

Roboff looked hard at the speaker, as if disposed to question his right to cross-examine him.

But Wittgenstein looked so pale—so unlike his usual calm, dignified self—that Roboff saw something must be amiss, and he answered at once:

"I left her in the garden with Platoff more than two hours ago. I have been put on duty most unaccountably, and am only just released."

When Carlotta heard this she started violently.

Prince Wittgenstein also muttered something below his breath that sounded very like an imprecation.

"Come, Roboff, show us where you left them," said the Prince, and they walked directly to the spot where Alexis surprised Platoff and Feodora.

They were not there.

Not a trace of their presence remained, save that the gravel walk was disturbed by hasty foot-marks, and some of the shrubs near broken and trampled, as if there had been a scuffle.

The spot was rather a lonely one, and had been chosen by Roboff for that reason, as he wished to make his declaration unheard.

The party exchanged glances of blank dismay when they noticed the state of the path and flowers near, and, to make assurance doubly sure, Roboff picked up one of Feodora's gloves from the trampled flower-border.

"Platoff has carried her off!" exclaimed the boy. "That is why he put me on duty. Oh, Feodora, why did I leave you with this man! Oh, Wittgenstein, what are we to do?"

Carlotta stood, the picture of despair.

She had persuaded the girl to come, and

if anything had happened to her, she would never forgive herself.

Wittgenstein had never spoken one word, but his calm, pale face and flashing eyes proved that a tumult was raging in his breast.

"I am going to the palace, Roboff. I will ask five days leave from duty. Carlotta, go to your lodgings. I will send a servant with you, and you must let me know if Feodora is there. Scenic, we have made a confidant of you, and you are an honorable fellow; you and Roboff had better search the garden as well as you can, make no fuss, and if you meet Count Platoff, send him to me. I will go make preparations for leaving Peterhoff to-night if Feodora is not found."

"But if she has gone do you not think Platoff will be with her?"

"No, he could not be absent from the palace without leave, and I will take care he does not obtain it. He has kidnapped Feodora, and he will stay here to put us off the scent. So I will see him, and try if I cannot get him off his guard, and gain some clue to which way she has gone. He must not know when I leave Peterhoff. I will trust to you, Roboff, to deceive him if you can. We must fight him with his own weapons. Do you agree?"

"Yes, oh, yes, anything you say."

"Well, I will leave you; every moment is precious. They have two good hours start, and will have one more, before I can be certain she is gone, and be ready to start."

The Prince turned and left them to sorrowfully prosecute their search.

It was hopeless. Feodora was gone!

She had disappeared like a vision.

Roboff and Scenic returned to the palace in less than an hour, and proceeded at once to the apartments of Prince Wittgenstein.

"Come in," was Constantine's response to a tap at the door.

They entered and found the Prince loading his pistols and taking a hasty supper at the same time.

His watch lay on the table to warn him how the time was passing.

"Well?" he said, without pausing in his varied occupations.

"No news," replied Roboff, sorrowfully. "No news, and we have not seen Platoff."

"But I have."

"What! was he here?"

"No, I did not let him come in here. Edwards and my man were busy throwing a few things together for me. I saw him in the other room, but I could not pick one word from him."

"No, I should think not. I wonder you could keep your temper with him."

"It was rather hard lines to look at his cursed, cruel eyes and see his thin sneering lips and know what he has done, and not strike home from the shoulder!"

He doubled his fist and brought it down with a thump that made the glasses on the table ring, while his heaving chest and flashing eyes showed how much harder it was for him to control his temper than to give way to it.

"Yes, Roboff, it was hard, but wait till I come back, that will be the time. I'd give it to him then, some to use, some to feel, and some to take home to look at. Will you back me, Edwards, against Platoff and the world? Don't you think I'd have first blood, and bring him to grass — pretty. Eh?"

Edwards had just come in, and he took the pistols out of his master's hands, and looked them carefully over, examined the caps, etc.

"Back you agin this yer Plato-hoff? Hi rayther thinks so. Vy, that hanimal is hauf gone hin the wind, lettin' alone bein' nearly has groggy has can be hon the pins. Back you agin 'im? Not hif hi know hit, Governor, ve fights hour hequals, hand ve knocks down blacklegs and ruffs."

Roboff and the other officers could not understand one word of Edwards' conversation, but Wittgenstein smiled at the freedom of the trainer's opinions.

"Heat your victuls, guv'nor, hand leave these peacemakers to me. Hit's a blessed good job you didn't put gunpowder down your own throat, 'stead of them. Not that it would urt you it you 'ad, but hit hain't as natural to get hinto a feller that way."

Wittgenstein left the palace before daylight, taking Edwards and two others servants with him.

As he passed through the village, he picked up his little postillion.

This lad, who was extremely sharp, had been sent to the village to try and pick up some information, and he had actually succeeded in obtaining a clue to which road the party had taken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VERY QUEER.—Mary Pyatt rejected John K. Arnold's offer of marriage for a long time, at Kimberly, Pa., but he was persistent, and at length she consented. There was a great wedding, and the couple went off on a tour. After a week the bride returned to her home, declaring that she had no recollections of anything between her last refusal of Arnold and her awakening to find, to her great surprise and displeasure, that she was his wife. She insisted that she was out of her mind during the interval, and declines to even see her husband.

PIANO TUNING.—Mr. Brumagem dotes on Oscar and the utterly esthetical. Her pianoforte required tuning, and after the "person" who doctored the instrument had completed his labors, she asked in her most overpowering aristocratic voice, "Me good man—aw—have you—aw—tuned—aw—the pedal?" The man almost lost his breath, but finally managed to stammer out that he had whooped up the keys and all the legs, but guessed the pedal would hold out a year or two longer.

In Fate's Hand.

BY J. H. LUDLOW.

IMAGINE a slight figure clothed in black—a pale pure face with large sad luminous eyes—and Margaret Blanchard is before you.

Well might those wide bright eyes wear a mournful expression.

One short week since the green turf had been rounded over her father's grave, and to-day she was reading a message she had found amongst his papers.

It was a lament that he must leave her without suitable provision.

She was well educated, but her youth would be against her in trying to obtain pupils.

The morning paper lay upon the table.

She took it up and glanced over the advertisements.

One attracted her attention.

It was for a housekeeper and companion for an old lady.

Margaret decided to apply for it.

She was surely competent for that position.

So the next morning she brushed her wavy brown locks into prim satiny smoothness, put on her plain black walking suit, and went to the designated place.

It was a large imposing mansion, with broad stone steps, flanked on either side by grim couchant lions carved in grey marble.

A colored footman in handsome but sombre livery opened the door.

Margaret gave him her card, and he showed her into the reception-room.

Then he moved noiselessly away, soon to return and ask her into the library, where a gentleman was seated, reading aloud to an old lady.

He rose to meet Margaret as she entered, and said, glancing at her card:

"Miss Blanchard, I believe. Let me introduce you to my mother, Mrs. Lancaster."

Then, with a change from gravity to playfulness in his tone he continued:

"Now, young lady, what is the errand this time? A contribution for St. Luke's, or for the sick children's excursion?

"You see," he said, turning with a smile to his mother, "the only time we are favored with the presence of one of the gentler sex is when they come to make an appeal for some pet charity."

Margaret flushed deeply as she made haste to correct his error.

"Sir," she said, "you are mistaken. I should have sent word by the man. I called in answer to your advertisement."

For an instant there was an embarrassed pause.

Then Margaret went on:

"I know that my youth is against me; but I never had any trouble in managing my father's household, and now that—that he has left me I—I thought I could do that best."

The girl's heart seemed to rise in her throat and choke her.

Mr. Lancaster was sorely perplexed.

He turned to his mother.

She understood his look of appeal, and came to his assistance.

"My dear," she said, "it would be too onerous a position for a girl like you to take charge of this large house, and of the many servants required to keep things moving smoothly. But I would very much like to have that sweet young voice read over the thoughts of my favorite authors to me. Would you like to come and cheer up an old woman's lonely hours?"

Margaret took the soft old hand extended to her, and raised it to her lips.

"I could spend my whole life with you!" she said earnestly.

"Thanks, dear; now go home and make your arrangements. Come when you like; the sooner the better."

So Margaret found a home.

She entered upon her duties in the budding May-time.

A year had passed swiftly away, and the spring months had glided on in golden June, when one morning Mr. Lancaster said to her:

"I am about to make a change, Miss Blanchard."

Margaret's heart sank down like lead in her breast as her imagination rushed on in advance to supply the ending of his sentence.

Was he going to send her away?

But she breathed freely again, as he went on:

"I am about to bring the young ward of whom you have heard us speak so often—Miss Claudine North—home from boarding-school. She is a pleasant girl, and I hope you will be happy in each other's society. I wish to thank you now, before this old house will echo to the sound of another young voice, for the happiness you have brought into it by your devoted kindness to my mother; and you must not think you will be less needed when Claudine comes."

His words seemed like an answer to the thoughts running riot in Margaret's brain.

Tears rushed to her eyes, and trembled upon their long lashes.

Her usually pale cheeks flushed to a brilliant bloom.

"Ah, Mr. Lancaster," she murmured, "if I could only tell you how happy you make me. It would break my heart to leave here where you have all been so kind to me."

"And you shall not—must not—think of such a thing. Claudine will need you almost as much as my mother does."

And Margaret was content.

Claudine North proved to be a bright, sweet-tempered girl, who made the wide halls and spacious rooms ring with fun and frolic.

She had no great depth of character, and shocked Margaret by thinking Mr. Lancaster her legitimate prey, as she had done all male creatures since her babyhood.

She was a born flirt.

Had she used her wiles upon any one less exalted than was Mr. Lancaster in Margaret's eyes it would not have seemed so strange.

"Do you mean," said Margaret, gravely, one day, "that you would marry Mr. Lancaster because he is rich?"

"Most certainly, if ever I get the chance," laughed Claudine; "though, as to that, he's the handsomest man I know, with that sad face, and those elegant dark eyes. I suppose you are enough in the confidence of the family to have been told why Mr. Lancaster is a bachelor? You know his betrothed wife died on the very day appointed for their wedding, and that he has been faithful to her memory ever since."

Claudine did not wait for an answer, but danced away, leaving Margaret's heart full of tender, pitying sadness at the thought of the sorrow which had shadowed the early life of her benefactor.

From this time a new interest centered around Mr. Lancaster.

She was conscious of a new and strange pain when Claudine, in her childish, petting way, would lay her rosy cheek against her guardian's, and ask his mother and herself to admire the contrast.

Claudine was fond of riding on horseback, and it was Mr. Lancaster's favorite amusement.

So it came about that Lightning and Star were brought to the door, and Margaret would school herself to stand with smiling lips to see them mount and start off together.

One day Mr. Lancaster said jestingly:

"I am growing to be a boy again, Miss Blanchard, under Claudine's leadership."

As Margaret answered, she looked very fair and calm, standing framed in the massive doorway, but her thoughts ran on bitterly.

"Next he will tell me that he has asked her to be his wife. Ah, if she were only more worthy of him."

But—when next she saw him, he was (to all appearance lifeless) brought into the house by careful hands, and laid upon a easy couch which had been hurriedly improvised in the library, until the extent of his injuries could be ascertained.

His favorite Lightning had taken fright and thrown his master.

Margaret's pale face was the only sign of the agony she suffered at seeing her benefactor thus stricken down from exuberant life to—as she thought—death.

Claudine gave way to groans and sighs; but Margaret, true to her helpful nature, saw that everything was done for his comfort.

"Margaret, will you think it heartless in me if I go to my room and leave you here alone?"

"No," said Margaret, touching her cold lips pityingly to the frightened girl's blanched cheek. "Go and lie down. I will come and tell you what the doctor says as soon as possible after he comes."

Claudine crept subduedly away, and Margaret was alone with the motionless form of him she loved—yes, loved:

Then yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, she bent and pressed a lingering kiss upon the white lips, murmuring:

"Oh, my master. If it could have been my worthless life instead of one so precious."

She started back in dismay.

He moved—opened his eyes and looked confusedly around.

"Where am I?" he said faintly; "what has happened?"

Then he saw Margaret, who stood—her face dyed with crimson blushes—shrinking away from his glance; conscious only that he was alive, and that she had kissed him.

But his next words, rambling and disconnected, reassured her.

He was not fully conscious.

As she listened her heart beat thick and fast.

He murmured a name, and—it was her own.

"Little Margaret!" he whispered. "Little pale, pure Margaret."

Then with a start he came to himself, fully sensible.

"Margaret—Miss Blanchard—is that you? What has happened? Ah, I remember; I was thrown. Am I hurt badly?"

He tried to raise himself up, but fell back with a groan.

With an effort Margaret said calmly, trying to keep her voice from shaking.

"I hope not. We have sent for the doctor, and he will soon be here."

For a few moments Mr. Lancaster remained in deep thought.

Then he said:

"Miss Blanchard—Margaret. I must speak now while I have an opportunity. You have grown very dear to me; so dear that the thought of your unprotected future fills me with pain. If I am to die, let me send for a minister to marry us. Don't be startled—it is no new thought to me, although it may seem so strange to you. Then I can leave you my name and my fortune, when I am laid away out of sight——"

Margaret interrupted him by a convulsive burst of sobbing.

Even her self-restrained nature could bear no more.

"Do not die!" she cried. "Live—live for me. Life without your presence would be worthless to me!"

A look of intense joy came into his eyes as he listened to her passionate outburst.

"So little Margaret loves me!" he murmured. "I will try——"

A ghastly white spread again over brow, cheek, and chin, and he went off again into unconsciousness just as the doctor drove up to the door.

He did not die.

Hope and a good constitution, added to the doctor's exertions, conquered, and in a few weeks he was again as well as ever.

Then the fashionable world was thrown into a flutter by a gay wedding; and as the assembled guests saw the look of intense happiness upon Margaret's face, all said:

"It is for love, not for wealth, that she has married him. He should be a happy man."

And he was happy, for he loved, and was beloved; and what richer gift for mortals does Fate hold within her hand?

The World Well Lost.

BY J. DEMPSTER.

THE country in summer—who with a heart in his breast could be insensible to its charm?

Some such thoughts as this flits through Dora Rushton's mind as she stands watching the haymakers in the adjoining field sweep down with rhythmical motion the wide swaths of waving grass.

All this is very new and strange to Dora, reared as she has been in the city.

She has always hitherto spent her summers by the ocean.

But this year her mother has been advised by her doctors to try the bracing air of the country, and thus this very morning saw Mrs. Rushton and her daughter enter upon their four weeks' sojourn at the Albion farm.

As Dora stands quietly enjoying the pastoral beauty of the scene a new arrival appears.

With a deep threatening growl which changes to a deep bark, a huge mastiff comes down the garden path directly towards the terrified girl.

A piece of broken dragging chain shows unmistakably how it is that the animal happens to be loose.

A scream from Dora—then the tones of an imperative voice:

"Down, Tiger; down!"

It is all over in a moment.

Cowed by his master's commands, the great dog suffers himself to be secured.

While with quick words of gratitude Dora raises her brown eyes to her rescuer.

It is a strikingly handsome face which she sees, and she knows instinctively, notwithstanding the rough suit and old straw hat that the wearer is no ordinary farm laborer.

She is right, and in Tiger's master she first makes the acquaintance of the son of the hospitable old farmer whose house is at present her home.

It is as natural to Dora to wish to please as it is to breathe, and so it is with no thought of harm that as the long pleasant days glide along, she exerts to the full her by no means small powers of fascination.

Mrs. Rushton finds that never before has she drunk in such draughts of health as she does now in beautiful rural Kilford, and so she decided to prolong their stay until the autumn sets in.

Time passes.

Though every look and action speaks of the nature of the feeling he cherishes towards the girl who seems to him the incarnation of everything pure and lovely in woman, as yet no word of love has escaped Allan Albion's lips.

He feels that it is not for him, a plain, country farmer, a mere tiller of the soil, without any of the accomplishments and artificial graces which go to make up the *habitue* of the city society to which she is accustomed, to aspire to the love of such as she.

But at length a moment comes when his love bursts the bounds of restraint his will has imposed.

It is evening.

In the lighted sitting-room Mrs. Rushton reclines, as is her invalid fashion, upon a lounge, while by the table her host reads his agricultural paper, and her hostess turns with care the worsted heel of the sock she holds in her hand.

Outside upon the porch, with the moonlight falling softly over her white-robed figure and spiritual face, is Dora.

There Allan finds her, and whether it is the sorcery of the moonlight or the tender beauty of the girl's face beneath its rays, he never knows, but though he has intended to let her go without speaking at all, at once he finds himself uttering in earnest, pleading words the adoring love which fills his heart.

As he speaks a keen remorse cuts like a knife into Dora's heart, for as she looks up into the noble face bent above her, and comprehends the intensity of the love that is being laid at her feet, she realizes how cruelly selfish her own conduct has been in allowing thing to drift to such a conclusion when a few words would have prevented all.

For a moment she meets his gaze, then her eyes droop.

At the sight Allan gains fresh courage and hope.

But the next moment all is changed.

"Mr. Albion," Dora says, while a painful flush stains her fair brow, "I am truly, truly sorry for this—I should have told you before. I am not free—I am betrothed."

For an instant Allan stares incredulously into her face.

"Betrothed!" he exclaims. "Then you have only been trifling with me—luring me

on to misery by your gracious smiles and words? Oh, it cannot be true! I cannot believe that you whom I deemed so pure and good are that most base of all human things—a coquette!"

But Dora's head only droops lower.

She cannot find voice or words to answer.

It wants but a few days of the time Mrs. Rushton has arranged for her departure to her city home, and Dora goes without once more seeing Allan alone.

It is a heavy heart which the girl takes back with her to her luxurious home; for, with his bitter words, like a flash the conviction has been forced upon her that, should she keep the promise made to her dying father and marry the cousin appointed to be husband, her heart will not go with her hand.

But there is no drawing back.

From their childhood days it has been a settled thing that some time the Somers' estate and wealth shall be joined to the Rushton's by the union of the heir and the heiress of the two families.

And now the time is approaching which has been fixed for the nuptials, and Mr. Somers, the bridegroom-to-be, who has been spending some time traveling abroad, is momentarily expected to return.

But the plans of mice and men "aft gang aglee," as the immortal Burns wrote, and one day Mrs. Rushton's eyes sparkled with mortified anger over the contents of a letter which she holds in her hand.

Dora, coming in at that moment, reads it over her mother's shoulder.

It states that the writer has been a married man for some days, and coolly concludes by saying, that as a mere business marriage is not suited to his taste, he has followed his inclination, and hopes that his young cousin will do the same, and be as happy as he is.

"Do not grieve for me, mamma dear," Dora said. "I never was so thankful for anything in my life!"

The winter comes and lingers, then wraps his icy shroud about him, and gives place to ethereal spring.

To Dora's utter surprise, her mother informs her one day, that as the air of Kilford agreed with her so well the previous summer, she has decided to try it again, and has made arrangements to purchase a beautiful place in that region, some few miles distant from the Albion farm.

As may be surmised, Dora makes no demur.

Rather a warm glow of expectancy stirs within her heart; for if the fates are kind, she will now have the opportunity to exonerate herself in the eyes of the man whose good opinion, above that of any other, she most desires.

She does see him; but as the ballad puts it "'tis in a crowd."

A lift of the hat, a few cold words of greeting—that is all; and Dora sees plainly that the power she once had to move Allan Albion's heart she possesses no longer.

"He thinks me only a vain coquette, and despises me," she thinks sadly.

But fate is kinder than she promised to be at first, and as is often her wont, out of what seems to be at the time an ill, brings good.

It is afternoon, and down the quiet country road, a tall, manly figure is walking leisurely along, when suddenly his attention is attracted by the sound of hoofs and the clatter of a rapidly approaching vehicle.

Looking up, he sees a carriage with three occupants, a coachman and two ladies.

The driver is grasping his reins, but it is evident that he has lost all control over the frightened horse.

Without an instant's hesitation, though he knows it imperils his own life, Allan springs forward, and grasping the bridle of the rearing, plunging animal, exerts all the force of his powerful arms.

His herculean effort succeeds; but it has not been unattended by danger to himself.

Senseless from a blow from the horse's iron-shod hoof, the courageous young man lies at the very feet of those he has saved, unconscious that it is Dora Rushton's terror-stricken face which bends over him, or of the tender words of poignant grief she is uttering.

The accident occurred only a short distance from "Owl's Nest," Dora's home, and there Allan is carried.

During the days that follow, Dora has full opportunity to regain her lost place in Allan's esteem and regard.

And so it happens that when once again he essays to woo, his answer this time is very different.

"But, Dora," Allan says after a time, "I am not a rich man. Are you quite sure you will not repent and look back with regret, when you marry me, to the home of wealth and luxury which was once yours?"

Dora lays her hand upon his, while an eloquent glow overspreads her sweet face.

"Allan," she exclaims earnestly, "once you called me a coquette—do not pain me now by imputing to me mercenary feelings. I love you, dear—all the wealth in the world could not buy from me my present happiness."

And so, though her intimate friends shrug their shoulders and elevate their eyebrows over what they deem her folly, one day in the little village church Dora lays her hands in Allan's, and feels that for love the world is indeed well lost.

A POET writes from Indiana to say that, a heavy storm out there, he broke his back shoveling through a ten-foot snow bank. Thus the universally condemned snow has proved itself to possess a salient virtue, as well as to make us happy in knowing that there is something that can effectually settle a poet.

The Tolling Bell.

BY EFFIE BURNETT.

NOT MANY months ago, in one of my summer rambles, I found myself on a beautiful Sabbath morning the guest of a worthy and intelligent family, in a quiet country village.

The early breakfast was over; parents and children had joined in reading a chapter in the Bible; Mr. Sedgwick, the head of the family, had then offered up a fervent prayer, at the conclusion of which we all arose from our knees; when our ears were greeted by the clear, deep peals of the ringing church bell.

"So late," exclaimed Mrs. Sedgwick, looking at the clock. "Our time-piece must be slow."

"That is not the first bell for church," replied her husband, solemnly. "There has been a death in the village. The bell is going to toll for Martin Lord."

"Such, then, is his unhappy end," mused his wife. "Well, it will be wrong to mourn his death. If death was ever a merciful providence, it is so in this case."

"Is it a person who had been long sick?" I asked.

Instead of answering my question directly, Mr. Sedgwick said: "There is a very melancholy history connected with that young man. It is now sometime since the excitement occasioned by this strange tragedy died away; but the tolling of the bell this morning must bring it back forcibly to every heart. Perhaps you would be interested to hear the story?"

I expressed my desire to listen to the narration; upon which my friend gave me the details of the following story, which I relate with only a slight deviation from the original:

Martin Lord was once the flower and the hope of one of the most respected families in the village. His amiable disposition and superior intellect procured for him universal love and esteem.

Although of a slight figure, and pale features, which indicated a constitution by no means robust, Martin was remarked for his uncommon beauty; and indeed his fine, noble forehead, shaded by locks of soft brown hair, his large expressive blue eyes, straight nose, with thin Grecian nostrils, and rather voluptuous mouth, entitled him to that consideration.

Martin was a great favorite with the ladies, old and young; but he never showed any marked partiality to any one, until he became intimate with Isabella Ashton, the daughter of our late clergyman, who died of grief about a year ago.

No two beings could be more different. Isabella was the most young and thoughtless girl in our village. She could have little sympathy with a person of such deep feelings and elevated intellect as Martin; and beautiful as she was, it seemed strange that he should have given his love to her. There is no doubt but she was attached to him; perhaps she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one; but in this instance, as in all others, her affections were secondary to her love of sarcasm and mischief.

Martin and Isabella had been pointed out as lovers, by village gossips, for several months; he was now nineteen, and she was of the same age, when the tragedy occurred, which the tolling of the bell has recalled to my memory.

It was on an autumn evening nearly five years since that Isabella took advantage of the absence of her father to have a social gathering of young people at their house. Martin, of course, was present, with the fairest youths and maidens; and being under no restraint from the gravity of the clergyman, who was not expected home till late, the company enjoyed themselves freely with jests, songs, and social games.

The hour at which such parties usually broke up had already passed, and there was no relaxation in the gaiety of the young people, when some one foolishly mentioned the subject of ghosts, something of that description having been reported as having been seen in the vicinity of the churchyard.

"It is a silly report," said Martin. "Nobody can believe that a ghost has really been seen there; and I doubt if any person here believes in the existence of ghosts."

"You do yourself, you know you do, Martin, although you are ashamed to own it," cried Isabella; but Martin only laughed.

"Come now," continued the thoughtless girl, "I can prove that you have some idea that such things may exist. Go to the church-yard alone in the dark, and then declare, if you can, that you felt no fear."

"And what would that prove?"

"Why, you will be frightened, though you should see nothing. Your fears would put your belief to the test. How could you be afraid if you did not feel that there was something to be afraid of."

"I do not think your logic is the best in the world," replied Martin, laughing. "Men are often troubled with fear, when their reason tells them there is no cause to fear. But I deny, in the first place, that a journey to the churchyard, even at midnight, would frighten me in the least."

"Ha! ha! but you shall not escape so!" laughed Isabella. "Here, before these, our friends, I promise that this ring shall be yours," she continued, displaying one given her by an old lover, which Martin had often desired her to part with, "provided you go to the churchyard alone, in the dark, and declare, on your honor, when you return, that you were not afraid."

"Agreed," said Martin, buttoning his coat.

"And as an evidence that you go the entire distance, you can bring back with you the iron bar, which you will find close by the gate," said Isabella.

Thus driven by taunts to the commission of a folly, Martin took leave of the company, full of courage and spirit, and set out on his errand.

He marched steadily to the churchyard, stopped a moment to gaze at the white tombstones gleaming faintly in the dark and desolate ground—for the stars shone brilliantly in the clear, cold sky—then shouldering the iron bar of which Isabella had spoken, set out to return.

He had proceeded about half way, when, in the gloomiest part of the road, he saw a white figure emerge from a clump of willows, and come towards him.

All Martin's strength of courage was gone in an instant.

Courage gave place to desperation; his hair standing erect, and his blood running chill with horror; still he stood his ground.

The spectre drew nearer, seeming to grow whiter and larger as it approached. We cannot tell what frenzy seized upon the brain of the unhappy youth at that moment.

The guests at the clergyman's house heard terrific screams. Dreading some tragic termination to the farce, they rushed to the spot.

They found Martin kneeling on a prostrate figure, his fingers clutching convulsively its throat, while he still uttered frantic shrieks for help.

One of the young men forced Martin to relax his hold on the throat of the figure, whilst another tore away the folds of the sheet, and disclosed the blood-stained, distorted features of Isabella.

Martin uttered an unearthly shriek, and fell lifeless upon the corpse. He never spoke again; but lived—an idiot!

The tolling bell has told us that heaven in its mercy has finally freed the spirit from its shackles of clay, and given it life and light in a better world.

MINE SUPERSTITIONS.—As a class, there are no more superstitious men than miners. The men in the far North invented the Trolls, odd little beings supposed to act as guardians over the treasures of the earth. These in Germany and the Hartz Mountains became the Nixies, the name being changed while the beings remained the same. In the Harts the terrible Demons or Spirits of the Mines are supposed to live, beings who seemed to unite in themselves all of the cruelty and the malevolence the mind of man could conceive. Farther south, in Spain, the subtly imagined Diablites peeped out of every globule of quicksilver at Almaden. We have to-day in the divining-rod, so firmly believed in by Cornish miners, a relic, and one of the few that remains to us, of the days of the alchemists, of the search for the philosopher's stone and the belief in the subtle, and, one might say, spiritual affinities of the metals.

The miners of the West represent a strange conglomeration of men. The English, Welsh and Germans brought all of the Old World superstitions with them, and found themselves among a class of men in the Mexican camps who could equal and in some cases surpass theirs. The Mexicans drew their tales from two sources, their own Spanish forefathers, and the Aztecs and Toltecs, found in the country when their forefathers conquered it. Strange are the beliefs and stories that have grown out of the union of these superstitious elements. Things are lucky or unlucky because possibly some worker in the Hartz said so 500 years ago, or some old Toltec had a fit of nightmare at an equally remote period. One of the most commonly believed tales is that of the "Step Devil." The men tell you that in some of the oldest mines there is an evil spirit which takes the form of a deformed dwarf. A peculiarity about him is that he has immensely long arms, arms so long that he can take off his sandals without stooping. This dwarf, when there is any danger in the mine, such as a cave, goes up the ladders, lifting himself by his arms, with his legs hanging free. As he passes each rung he kicks or stamps it out of the side pieces, so that when they attempt to fly find that all means of climbing out of the mine are destroyed. In the very old mines which were worked by the Indians, there were no ladders, but in their place trunks of trees in which notches had been cut, and the Indians climbed by inserting the big toes in the notches. When the Indians tell you of the "Step Devil" they say that he has on each big toe an enormous ball, and that as he climbs, the tree trunk he uses this to gouge the notch out by splitting off the part on which the toe rests. The story is evidently an Indian one, although altered by the Mexicans to suit the change in the means of going up and down the shaft.

Those of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.

Scientific and Useful.

FRECKLE LOTION.—Muriate ammonia, one dram; cologne water, two drams; distilled water, seven ounces; mix and use as a wash. It contains nothing injurious.

THICKENING THE HAIR.—Sweet olive oil three ounces; oil of lavender, one drachm. Apply morning and evening to where the hair is wanting, in consequence of a deficiency of moisture in the skin.

COVERED PULLEYS.—The importance of covering the face of pulleys with leather is realized by but few persons having charge of machinery. Fully fifty per cent. more work can be done without the belts slipping if the face of the pulleys is so covered. Leather belts used with the grain side to the pulley will not only do more work, but will last longer than if used with the flesh side to the pulley.

BLEACHING BEESWAX.—One of the best methods of bleaching beeswax is that of exposure to sunlight under glass. The wax is cut in very fine shavings, and spread out so that all parts of it are acted upon alike. Another good method is to melt the wax and stir it about for some time with a mixture of fine granular charcoal, free from dust and bisulphite of lime—one part of sulphite, three of charcoal, thirty of wax. The charcoal and salt are separated by straining.

RUBBER PLATES.—When rubber plates are used for making connections between steam and other pipes leaking of joints may be prevented by using a cement prepared by dissolving shellac in ammonia. The pulverized gum shellac is soaked in ten times its weight of strong ammonia, when a slimy mass is obtained, which in three or four weeks will become liquid without the use of hot water. This fastens well both to the rubber and to the metal or wood, and becomes by volatilization of the ammonia hard and impermeable to either glass or fluids.

DISTILLERS' WASH.—Distillers' wash, which has hitherto been a source of annoyance, polluting water-courses or rendering the soil putrescent, has been turned to account for the production of a valuable manure. The wash immediately after it leaves the still is treated with perchloride of iron after being agitated with lime water. The lime precipitates the sesquioxide of iron, the ferric precipitate taking up nearly all the organic matter. The wash thus becomes a perfectly clear, colorless, and innocuous fluid. The deposit or precipitate is agglomerated into cakes and forms a manure, very rich in nitrogen and phosphoric acid, which more than pays the expenses of the process. Little space or labor is required, most of the operations being performed automatically.

Farm and Garden.

RICH AND POOR LANDS.—Cows purchased from rich lands and carried to poor soils seldom do well. It is far better to buy a good cow from a poor farm, in which case improvement is almost certain. There is no good reason, however, why a poor animal should be kept on a poor farm. Keep better stock if you have to keep less of it.

AT THE SURFACE.—Experience and observation will convince any one that better results will follow the application of manure at the surface, or at least within three inches of it, than if ploughed under to three times that depth. For immediate results all well-rotted manure should be intimately mixed with the surface soil by repeated cultivations or harrowings.

SOOT.—The soot of soft, or rather bituminous coal, dusted upon onions when wet with dew, is said to be a remedy for the maggot. The mother fly closely resembles the house fly. As soot is a good fertiliser, nothing is lost by the application, even if it does not always destroy the maggot. It might be well to try soot derived from the burning of pitch pine or other soft wood.

COWS WITH CALF.—It is the practice of some farmers to milk their cows almost to the calving time. It is not, however, very advisable to continue milking so long. A cow ought to be let dry at least six weeks before calving. It is well known that if she is milked up to the time of calving she will be very deficient as a milker, even though she has formerly been a good one. It prevents improvement of condition, and from a very lean cow there is not much to be expected.

FOOD FOR HENS.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist writing of animal food for making hens lay, says, "A dead animal is frequently drawn off to the woods and buried or left for the dogs. The hens, if it is put within reach, will bury it more effectually, and pay handsomely for the job." The same writer urges the use of fish also, as food for laying hens. We don't know but this may be good advice, but we don't want to buy eggs laid on any such food. When carrion and dead fish become safe egg or flesh-producing food, we shall be ready to eat crows and fish-hawks and their eggs.

RATS.—A writer in the *Scientific American* says: "We clean our premises of the detestable vermin, rats by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters with it. In every crevice in which a rat may we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter in the corner of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been heard around the house. Every spring a coat of yellow wash is given the cellar as a purifier, as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, 1882.

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"SHIP AHOY!"

In this number of THE POST we present to our readers the opening chapters of a new story, by the well-known author, George Manville Fenn, entitled "SHIP AHOY!" Those who have read "Under Wild Skies," and "Beneath the Sea," from the same pen, need no assurance of the absorbing interest of the present work, and to others we can commend it as one of the best tales its gifted author has ever written.

THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS.

Do all that lies in your power to add to the happiness of your friends to-day." Even though it be but little, neglect it not. Do not wait until next month, or next week, nor even until to-morrow, thinking you will be more able, for they may not be here then. Though it be but a flower by the wayside, if it hath beauty and fragrance, pluck it and hand it to your fellow-traveler; for if you wait to do great things for him, he may have fallen from your side and disappeared forever before you will have done aught to gladden his heart. "Seize the pleasures of the transient day," says the epicure; and it is right to bear in mind that the day is transient, and to seize its pleasures ere they fly; but not so much for yourself as for your friends. Do your acts of kindness before you sleep, because when you awaken it may be too late. Nothing so assuages even the bitterness of parting by death as the consciousness of having left nothing undone, little or great, that lay in our power, to bring a smile to the face, or a cheerful feeling to the heart of those who have gone before us.

But this regard for the happiness of others does not imply that we should always sacrifice principle as well as ourselves. There is right and wrong, a yes and no, in everything. And this latter is worth mentioning, for it has an important bearing on life. When a man has made up his mind to do, or not to do, a thing, he should have the pluck to say so plainly and decisively. It is a mistaken kindness—if meant for kindness—to meet a request which you have determined not to grant, with, "I'll see about it, or "I'll talk the matter over," or, "I cannot give you a positive answer now; call in a few days and I'll let you know." It may be said, perhaps, that the object of these ambiguous expressions is to "let the applicant down easy;" but their tendency is to give him useless trouble and anxiety, and possibly prevent his seeking what he requires in a more propitious quarter until after the golden opportunity has passed. Moreover, it is questionable whether the motives for such equivocation are as philanthropic as some people suppose. Generally speaking, the individual who thus avoids a direct refusal, does so to save himself pain. Men without decision of character have an indescribable aversion to say no. They can say no—sometimes when it would be far better and more creditable to their courtesy and benevolence to think yes; but they dislike to utter the bold word that represents their thoughts. Still, it is always better, while doing everything we can for the happiness of others, never to lose sight of these two little words.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE horn of a rhinoceros when cut through the middle exhibits on each side the rude figure of a man, the outlines being marked by small white strokes.

THE Postoffice Department of Germany has adopted and uses postage stamps whose colors can be canceled by water. This prevents fraud, for as soon as the stamps are washed, the color is obliterated.

THE London *Review* remarks that as things are at present there, the speculative philosopher may well cease to wonder that the sun never sets on the great empire when he knows that upon London, her capital, the sun is never seen to rise. One week lately with the sun seventy-six hours on the horizon, the duration of sunshine in London was twelve minutes only.

THE Wood River region of Nevada is destined to be the most popular part of the country with a vast number of estimable citizens, if the report is true that some peculiarity of the climate is able to raise a luxuriant growth of hair upon the baldest head. It is said that several heads which last spring were utterly destitute of hirsute covering, have astonished their owners by developing a new crop of hardy locks.

THE census figures increase in interest. The growth of the population in forty years from 17,000,453 to 50,154,883 is in itself a startling fact. There are few people who are fully conscious that we have now nearly 19,000,000 more inhabitants than when the civil war with the South was begun, but it is true. In ten years we have gained something over 11,000,000.

IT is a long time since the claim could be put forward that cotton is king in America. Hay, even, is greater as a crop, and cotton is but fourth among the great agricultural staples. In 1880 corn was the chief product of the United States fields, its value being $679,714,499. Wheat followed at $475,201,850; hay was next at $371,811,084, while the value of cotton was but a little more than a third of that of corn, being but $280,266,212.

THE trying nuisance of single horse bobtail cars has at length roused the people of Brooklyn, and a large number of patrons of street cars have banded together to refuse to pay fares except to a conductor, and deride the driver's invitation to step up and put their money into the box. The companies are having a hard time of it, as, during the strike, of course, unscrupulous persons ride free, only the more respectable ones leaving their money on the car seats to be collected by the driver at the end of the trip.

ONE, and perhaps the chief, reason for the immense immigration to this country may be found in the fact that in Europe there is one soldier to every 110 of population. In the United States we have one soldier to every 2,000 people. The area of the United States is almost double that of Europe, but we have only seventeen inhabitants to the square mile, against 145 in Europe. In such facts as these will be found the reason why seven hundred thousand men and women found their way across the Atlantic to our shores in 1881.

THERE is a religious sect in England known as "God's Peculiar People," and very peculiar people they are. At an inquest upon the body of a boy belonging to this sect, who died of confluent small-pox, it appeared that no physician was summoned, but that an elder several times laid his hands upon the boy's head. The family went from the bedside to their daily occupations, ignoring the danger of spreading contagion, and considering medical aid superfluous so long as they had faith in God. The jury found a verdict of manslaughter against the boy's father, and he was committed for trial.

THE lumber of the future may be made of straw. It is to compete with that of the better class, as there seems to be no necessity of introducing knots and shakes into the artificial material. It is manufactured into any desired length, from twelve feet upward, and as much as thirty-two inches in width. The cost is such as to compete with better or finished grades of pine, and the locality or grade of competition cannot vary much, for straw is usually cheap where lumber is cheap. Some samples recently exhibited hold a nail as well as wood, are susceptible to high finish, and can be polished to any extent desired.

A NEW method of municipal transportation is about to be tested in Boston. By means of a system of coupons, which will be ultimately sold at the railroad stations, the passenger, upon his arrival in Boston, can take a coupe, especially reserved for him, and be conveyed directly and speedily to any part of the city desired. No attention to his baggage will be required, as that will be provided for by the company, and will follow him at once to his hotel, residence, or office, as ordered. The company is now completing the details of the arrangement, and already has contracted for the construction of several elegant coupes.

ENGLISH papers say it is really becoming a serious question whether public safety will not render it necessary for them to adopt the long American railroad carriages. Now that the facility of committing theft or murder upon isolated passengers has been brought home to the criminal classes, railroad crimes seem to be on the increase. Every one who gets into an empty carriage does so at the risk of a man following him and cutting his throat. The appliances for stopping the train in case of assault are absolutely useless, unless the criminal be an utter fool, for he could easily plan his attack in a manner to hinder his victim from touching the signal. A murderer might in nine cases out of ten escape by jumping out of the car when the train is slacking up.

IT has been calculated by a recent writer on vital statistics, that of ten children born in Norway a little over seven reach their twentieth year; that in England and the United States somewhat less than seven reach that stage; that in France only five reach it, and in Ireland less than five. He tells us that in Norway, out of 10,000 born, rather more than one out of three reaches the age of seventy; in England one out of four; in the United States, if both sexes be computed, less than one out of four; in France less than one out of eight, and in Ireland less than one out of eleven, and he adds this significant computation, based on what may be called the commercial view of the vital question. In Norway the average length of life of the effective population is 39 and rather more than a half years, in England 35½ years, in France not quite 33 years, and in Ireland not quite 29 years. Thus, comparing the best with the worst of a scale of vitality, in which both are bad, in Norway the proportion of the population that reaches 20 survives nearly 40 years, or four-fifths of the effective period, to contribute to the wealth of the community, while in Ireland the same proportion survives less than 29, or considerably under three-fifths of the effective period.

A GOOD many people spend all their life hunting for a place in the world that they were never intended to fill. They never settle down to anything with any sort of restful or contented feeling. What they are doing now is not by any means the work that is suited to their abilities. They have a sunny idea of a very noble life which they would like to reach, in which their powers would have free scope, and where they could make a very bright record. But in their present position they cannot do much of anything, and there is little use of trying. Their life is a humdrum and prosy outline, and they can accomplish nothing worthy or beautiful. So they go on, discontented with their own lot, and sighing for another; and while they sigh the years glide away, and soon they will come to the end, to find they have missed every opportunity of doing anything worthy of a rational being on the passage to eternity. The truth is, one's vocation is never some far-off impossibility. It is always the simple round of duties that the passing hour brings. No day is commonplace if we only have eyes to see its splendor. There is no duty that comes to our hand but brings us the possibility of kingly service.

THE total number of persons killed by snakes and wild beasts in the several Provinces of India during 1881 has gradually increased from 19,273 in 1876 to 21,090 in 1881. The largest number of deaths occurred in Bengal and the Northwestern Provinces and Oude, in which Provinces the deaths during the year aggregated 11,857 and 5,285, respectively. In Bengal 10,064 deaths were caused by snake bites, and 359 persons were killed by tigers; while in the Northwestern Provinces and Oude, 4,723 persons died from snake-bites, and 265 were killed by wolves. The total number of persons killed by wild beasts and venomous snakes during the year 1880 was 21,990. The increase was common to all Provinces, except British Burmah. The number of cattle killed increased from 54,830 in 1875, to 55,911 in 1879, and 58,306 in 1880, (exclusive of the figures for Mysore, where the deaths in the previous year amounted to 5,899.) The total number of wild animals destroyed has fallen year by year from 24,459 in 1876 to 1880, and 14,886 in 1881. The number of snakes shown as destroyed was 311,775, as compared with 131,927 in the previous year, the increase being mainly due to the very large number (177,070) of snakes which were killed in the Bombay Presidency. The total amount paid as rewards for the destruction of snakes was $11,663, as compared with $7,063 in the previous year.

TOO LATE.

BY MARGUERITE.

It grew beside the way, a blossom blue,
That matched its color with the azure sky;
And once a careless traveler, passing by,
Half stooped to grasp the treasure where it grew;
Then left it, pondering on its lovely hue,
But thinking, "No, not now; some other day
I'll claim the treasure when I come this way
And so he bade the dainty thing adieu.

One day, long after, came the traveler back,
Seeking the flower, with eager look and tread,
In vain. No blossom smiled along the track;
The little flower that he had left was dead.
Are themes like this, then, worth the poet's art?
What if the little blossom were a heart?

The Rose of Destiny.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

JOAN.

SHE WAS a thorough girl, no mistake about that, with dark, bright, wavy hair, and eyes that change from blue to black in anger or mirth—stormy eyes, yet, as emotion swayed their owner, revealing with instantaneous flash either the joy or sorrow of the soul.

She was called Joan Carden, and she lived with a cousin, poor as herself, at a tumble down old mansion called Ravensdale, not more than fifty miles from Dublin. It was a wonderful old place with a history—a moat, a ghost, a chapel, and a picture gallery.

In this gallery dead and gone Challoners faced each other from panelled walls; gentlemen in doublets and brocaded waistcoats, and ladies in the costumes of Queen Annie's reign; girl-children with mournful old-world faces, and boys who looked as if they had lived centuries before the glories of cricket or football were revealed.

Little Joan, lonely herself, got into the habit of pitying these repressed-looking specimens of juvenile humanity. She would sit hour after hour among the family portraits of the Challoners when the moon was at its full, and watch the spiral points of the fir-trees waving over the cracked skylight, under which a musician's gallery had been built.

She knew a good deal of the history and legends of the Challoners, and had as a child wept over the effigy in marble of a sorrowful noseless knight in the chapel, a gentleman who had clearly "done the State some service" in his time. "Ah, dear people, dear people!" she would say, gazing thoughtfully at the ladies in powder and patches, and the gentlemen in those curious waistcoats, "were you very strict, I wonder, with the sad faced children, whose grandchildren now are quite old people? Did they ever make daisy-chains, and romp with their dogs, and feed their pets in the stable and poultry yard, or scamper about the fields on ponies? I'm afraid, judging from the impression they made on the artist who painted them, that those melancholy kids had the reverse of a jovial time of it."

And Joan, rejoicing that she lived in the sensible nineteenth century, would rush into the fresh air, and stumble over cones and furze-roots, and disdaining gloves and umbrellas, wonder over the mountains, revelling in the beauty of the romantic scenery of the district; Irish to the finger-tips in her physical wildness and passionate love of nature and liberty; watching the bee on the bloom of a flower, or the sky-lark soaring to heaven, with the eye of an artist and the soul of a poet.

To-day Joan was in the stable yard, a moss-grown deserted place, where only rats disported themselves, and a fine black retriever, Joan's especial dearest pet, was allowed free range.

She was holding out her hands, coaxing her doves to alight on her shoulder or breast, and made a picture lovelier by far than any in the gallery, with her brilliant complexion and the wavy brown hair blown across her forehead.

"It will be hard to say good-by to Ravensdale," muttered Joan, glancing at its quaint turreted towers. "I love every blade of grass, every stone and flower on the dear old place: but if it's true that Mr. Challoner means to return soon, and is selling off all his Irish lands, we shall of course have to turn out; no help for it."

She loved the old decaying place; she cared, too, for the tenants, who never thought of paying their rent, and had nearly murdered Patrick O'Grady, Mr. Challoner's agent when he had endeavored to collect some rents that were long overdue.

Joan was on good terms with the little babies and shoeless children squatting out in the sun, making mud-pies, and begging for apples as she passed by; even the pig seemed to welcome her with an appreciative grunt; while the mothers, leaving their washing-tubs or lace-making for a minute, would curtsy to her at the door of their mud-cabins, and say:

"Och, thin, and shure it's plased, Miss, we are to see yer shudder; for what'll we do without yer? And it's happy may yo be in yer life and love!"

For the Irish are nothing if not sentimental. Life and love—life, that fades like a flowers, and love, which is its breath—when would her soul awake to a knowledge of the meaning of either?

Joan was never weary of her pleasant out-door excursions amid the woods, fields, forests; the mountains were to her like dear familiar friends. Careless of all exposure to the weather, indifferent as to her personal appearance, defiant of freckles, she would climb and walk and run with the skill and patience of a mountaineer accustomed to the grandeur and sublimity of the Matterhorn.

And these blue Irish mountains set every poetical fancy at work—elevated her mind, as everything grand and infinite in nature must ever do.

The cousin Joan had lived with from her infancy was called "old Miss Carden," not that she was by any means an octogenarian, but in order to distinguish her from Joan.

Both were on sufferance at Ravensdale. The Challoners were an eccentric family, and the only surviving member was supposed to surpass all his predecessors in eccentricity.

He was like the "wandering Jew"—here, there, and everywhere. Old Miss Carden had been his favorite aunt's drudge and companion; and when his aunt died, he told her to go and live at Ravensdale. His agent called from time to time, demanded a list of her bills, and paid them, to the good woman's unutterable astonishment.

"When are we to leave?" she asked, a decade and a half ago, in writing to her patron.

"Stay and take care of Ravensdale as long as you like, only, for Heaven's sake, don't worry me, was the answer.

Little Joan had been staying with her at the time of Mr. Challoner's relation's death, and the child, who was utterly destitute and an orphan, had remained with her ever since; and now a rumor had arisen that Mr. Challoner, disgusted at his tenant's behavior, and averse to being made a target of himself for a stray bullet, had resolved to sell all his Irish estates.

A tenantry who decline to pay their debts, preferring to murder their creditors, are not desirable people to live amongst. At one time Mr. Challoner had enjoyed the privilege of being considered "good for nothing." He quarrelled with his father; he pronounced himself, to that worthy gentleman's horror, an advanced Liberal; he thwarted several of the paternal schemes; he was the author of various satirical poems; and was, moreover, a fine essayist, scholarly, epigrammatic, and concise.

But withal "eccentric;" for instance, he fell in love with a beautiful peasant girl, insisted on marrying her, but did not; he lent ridiculously large sums of money to friends, who under no possibility could ever repay him, and he got into debt.

But he got out again in his usually brilliant eccentric way; turned artist, painted and sold pictures for his living, and was supposed to be nobody's enemy but his own, and a universal genius—both, as good-natured people are fond of saying, emphatic mistakes.

A good hater, in comparison, would be considered wise. Joan, however, heard a very different history of him from her cousin. There was another, Guy Challoner brother the college rake so often caught in *flagrante delicto*, a man whom dogs and horses loved, and to whom women, when "pure womanly," were scared; who did unknown good, while being considered a cold man of the world; who helped the weak, and had given her and her cousin a home here for years.

Did they not both exist to a great extent on his bounty? Her cousin might see to the farming of the lands with the sagacity and foresight of a man; the butter might be of the finest, the fruit, eggs, honey, and vegetables might be sold to the best advantage; but all this did not cover their expenses.

There were the visits of Patrick O'Grady still, the lists of the bills owing, and Mr. Challoner's checks that made everything easy.

After Joan had walked round the stables, and patted the old cob and fed him with carrots, she went into the poultry yard, the retriever at her heels, and here she found her cousin completely surrounded with a feathered tribe.

The dog rushed at old Miss Carden and nearly knocked her over, and laid his nose in the warm palm of her hand, and then, dividing his favors, jumped upon Joan's blue-serge dress, and was scolded, threatened and played with, till he seemed on the verge of canine delirium.

"I've had an invitation for to-night, Joan, at the rectory," Miss Carden said, holding up an envelope with a large design, suggesting a coat-of-arms in pale mauve. (Mrs. Piggot, the Rector's wife, was the only daughter and heiress of a retired fishmonger in Liverpool; hence, was particularly anxious to prove an ancestry.)

"The girls are home for the mid-summer holidays, and have set their hearts on a dance. Of course you'll go, child; you love dancing?"

"Ah, don't I, Gip?" cried Joan, pulling the retriever's ears; "literally adore it!" and her eyes and lips instantly attest her happiness.

Old Miss Carden was a little bird-like lady, with delicate features and a withered skin. Her dress was neat, and fitted her figure perfectly.

She wore mittens and an apron. She clung to a waistband. A small narrow black velvet bandeau hovered somewhat nearer her forehead than was in accordance with esthetic tastes; but her every gesture and tone were refined.

She was more intellectual than intelligent; and she reflected deeply, and enjoyed the delights afforded her by the well-selected books in the library of Ravensdale. Some indeed thought her too natural and clear-spoken.

"I'm delighted that you should have a change, dear, seeing that you'll very likely have to be a governess after Christmas; at any rate, we must look out for a place."

"Don't say place, cousin," said Joan piteously; "no, nor situation, it sounds so like an advertising housemaid out of work. Call it an engagement, if you like; there's something 'elegant' in the word, as our good people here would say."

Miss Carden shook her head.

"It comes to the same thing in the end, Joan. I wish you could marry well and escape drudgery."

"Marry well! Yes, I've had some offers. I'm always open to an offer, you know. Young Todd, the veterinary surgeon; and Mr. Piggot's curate; and, let me see, poor Mr. O'Brian, the widower at the Glebe, with eight children, all my victims; and the three joined together wouldn't make, to my fancy, a perfect man in mind, station, or anything else."

"It may be a case one day of take what you can get, and be thankful," suggests Miss Carden, smiling; "but now it's about time for you to have a cup of tea, and think about your dress for the dance. By the bye, Joan, what will you wear?"

"Ah, that's the question. My wardrobe literally groans with costumes; there's the black grenadine, with the scarlet bows, two seasons old; and a white ditto, draggle-tailed and done for; a black silk that has seen better days; and all my gloves are odd ones. O cousin dear, what shall I wear?"

A look of mimic horror steals to Joan's face. It is a question millions of Eve's daughters daily ask, and few under more trying circumstances than hers.

But as Joan spoke a smile played upon her lips; she was too happy in thinking of the dance to be worried by a simple and unfashionable toilette.

The two ladies entered the house together and Joan was soon on her knees beside an old trunk in her cousin's bedroom, which contained various odds and ends of ribbon that might replace with advantage the somewhat faded scarlet bows on the black grenadine.

Miss Carden, after mature reflection, decided on this particular dress, and found some really splendid brocaded ribbon that had belonged to Mr. Challoner's favorite aunt, and, if somewhat out of date in point of pattern, was decidedly pretty.

Joan had no consuming vanity; she knew they could not afford to buy more. Bridget had been despatched to the village of Ravensdale to buy a pair of new gloves, and the old gardener had sent in some beautiful flowers for Joan's hair.

It was towards the end of July, and Joan could well see to dress by daylight; for she was no West-end beauty, accustomed to three "crushes" in one night, but a wild Irish girl, with a hundred sweet little ways only those who lived with her could appreciate.

To Joan a dance was quite an event, even one so simple and impromptu as that arranged at the rectory.

Old Miss Carden stitched away at the bows, and made Bridget bring an iron with which the creases in the dress were straightened, while Joan darted off to her little room and prepared to dress her hair.

Suddenly she appeared before her cousin, holding a wicker basket of flowers in her hand. A ray of evening sunlight fell upon her as she stood in the centre of her cousin's bedroom, her hair about her shoulders, while she tried the effect of some pale-pink roses before the looking-glass.

"Are they not lovely?" she cried, resting a crimson rose on her lips, and throwing the others aside. "Which shall I choose, the pale roses or this?"

Miss Carden put on her spectacles, shook her head at the smaller flowers, thought they looked shaky and would all fall to pieces with the warmth of the room, and finally fastened the deep-hearted rose in her young cousin's hair with an old-fashioned diamond *aigrette*—a parting gift from Mr. Challoner's aunt.

"It matches the ribbon, dear," she said approvingly, as Joan reappeared in her black grenadine. "I'm afraid Bridget has bought too large gloves; but you must make the best of them."

Joan laughed again, kissed her cousin, and ran down the stairs, humming an old Irish air under her breath; sprang into the car, and was driven rapidly along the white winding road to the rectory.

Mrs. Piggott came out to welcome her with a considerable rustle of silks and laces—all her costumes came direct from Paris, and were the envy and admiration of the whole country; then Joan was conducted up-stairs to take off her wraps, and found several young ladies had arrived.

The Misses Piggot were playing a duet—a dashing quadrille on the trichord grand—when Joan was conducted to the drawing room by Master Piggot, a youth of fourteen, who had disfigured himself by a large white choker, which flapped under his left ear, and gave him a somewhat inebriated appearance.

Joan's heart beat quickly as a battery of eyes was turned on her; she felt her color rise. People who stay much at home are often morbidly sensitive on these occasions; and she was only a country girl of eighteen summers, feeling painfully insignificant by the side of fashionable Mrs. Piggot in Honiton lace and heliotrope satin, and her daughters in pale-blue and cream-colored silks.

As she took a seat—as much out of sight as she could find—she was conscious of a pair of dark eyes resting on her face—eyes with an amused look in them, that yet had for Joan a certain charm.

There was an indefinable expression of interest and amusement mingled in these glances, as if by some subtle intellectuality or keen perception the person read her confusion, and understood that modest diffidence.

The man who watched Joan from his corner by the grand piano was of splendid physique, with a breadth and massiveness of form fitting him to be an army's champion; and when he spoke she could tell his voice was grave, dashed also with the slightest foreign accent; but it was also a deep and musical voice, with a strange persuasive gentleness in it.

Joan was talking and laughing with her young admirer Charlie Piggot, who played the violin, when the stranger crossed over the room and sat by her side. Then, as the Rector stooped to speak to one of his daughters at the piano, he whispered something in his ear; and Joan found herself threatened with a formal introduction.

"M. Meunier, a French artist, would like to have the pleasure of your acquaintance, Joan," said the Rector; and Joan, flattered and pleased at having awakened interest in any one, bowed her pretty head demurely, while the introduction with M. Meunier was gone through.

The Rector then left them, and passed on to his other guests.

"Are you not going to dance, Miss Carden?" M. Meunier asked, his eyes travelling from her slender figure to the deep-red rose in her sunny hair.

"No one has asked me," said Joan naively, her color rising again; "and then I have only just come."

He looked half inclined to invite her himself; but, on second thoughts, preferred a *tete-a-tete*.

"Have you ever been abroad?"

"I? No. I have a great wish to travel; but there is not the slightest chance of that!"

She spoke quietly, without the faintest tinge of bitterness.

"After all, one never knows," he said, smiling; "the most extraordinary and unexpected things are happening every day."

"But when one's life is in a groove, and when there is no possibility or the slightest workings of any romance of Fate?"

There was an abrupt and unexpected emotion in Joan's voice that gave him, with his fine poetic instincts and perceptions, an inkling of some inner mental struggle.

"The unforeseen resembles to my mind something like a golden empyreum, which lift us poor mortals from earth when we least expect it; for instance, what more extraordinary and unexpected than love at first sight?"

"I don't believe in it," said Joan, hesitating, and rather bewildered at the assertion.

"Why not? Don't entirely repudiate the sweet delusion, or else where would all our most charming fictions vanish? and, indeed, truth is stranger than fiction."

"There were certainly Romeo and Juliet," said Joan, longing now to talk; she had read rather more than the average girl, and she did not wish him to think her an ignoramus.

"And hosts of others. But women have a wonderfully elastic faculty of forgetting—do you not think so? of slipping away from burdens and memories that wound."

"I don't know," she said nervously. "I thought it was generally the other way—I mean that it was men who got over things."

He smiled again, and stroked his beard. Frenchmen were considered critical over matters of the toilette. Was he secretly amused at her girlish attempt at finery? She fancied the old-fashioned ribbon bows amused him. And then he said, as she looked away:

"Do you know that I watched you in church last Sunday?"

"In church!" echoed Joan, blushing. "O, you must be joking!"

"One has odd dreams in church, you know. I am a very visionary unpractical sort of person; and I like to see how people take a sermon. By the bye, you did not go to sleep."

"I never saw you," she said shyly.

"Miss Carden, will you not give me this dance?" asked a little timid man, leaning over the piano to address her; and Joan, looking up, saw the eligible widower with eight children, Mr. O'Brian, and, by force of contrast with M. Meunier, her little inoffensive admirer did not perhaps shine at his best.

She could well refuse; but she regretted losing the conversation of her interesting companion. As Joan moved and took her partner's arm, the crimson-hearted rose, so carefully fastened in her hair by her cousin, slipped from the old-fashioned diamond *aigrette* on to the seat she had just vacated. M. Meunier picked it up, sniffed its delicate fragrance, and then coolly walked away with it towards the dining room, where claret-cup and refreshments were served.

"Should it be the rose of destiny!" he muttered, touching its leaves. "She's really a dear little girl."

After waltzing vigorously with Mr. O'Brian, Joan and her partner entered the dining room, and, as Joan sipped her claret, she found M. Meunier again by her side. She was half fascinated by those sombre ardent eyes and the low voice, so different from Mr. O'Brian's, that had a powerful dash of Paddy's brogue.

"I see you love dancing. Are you fond of sketching? Do you paint or draw?"

"A little." (If a young lady painted as well as Rosa Bonheur, or sang like Malibran, she would always say "a little.")

"Would you permit me the pleasure of giving you some lessons? I am an artist."

Joan found her breath coming quicker. Watching her at church, and now anxious to give her lessons! What would her cousin say?

She fancied there was an amused twinkle in the Rev. Temple Piggott's eyes, as he passed them; while Mr. O'Brian sighed quite volubly, and helped his hostess to the

drumstick in mistake for a liver-wing, so mightily was he disturbed.

"I will ask my cousin," said Joan shyly, her senses growing somewhat bewildered; and then she saw her rose in a glass of water at his elbow.

"But I may call to-morrow, may I not?" he pleaded. "Mrs. Piggott shall bring me, that will be best."

"My rose!" cried Joan, touching the *aigrette*. "Why, that is it!" pointing to the flower.

"You will not take it away," he whispered; "there are plenty more in Ravensdale."

After that he moved from her side, taking the flower with him; and Joan was alone.

She saw the mysterious stranger no more that night, till the car arrived and she stood cloaked and hooded on the step ready to return home.

"Good-night, Miss Carden," he said, advancing and shaking her hand, "or rather *au revoir!*"

When Joan returned home, she hurried to her cousin and gave her a graphic account of the evening's amusement.

"Somebody kept the rose, and somebody's going to call to-morrow, who saw me in church on Sunday. Cousin, we've actually flirted!"

"Go to bed, you silly child," said old Miss Carden, kissing her, "and I'll send Bridget to you with a cup of tea the first thing. Don't hurry up on any account."

Joan flew to her little room, drew the diamond *aigrette* from her wavy tresses, and smoothed out the old-fashioned ribbon bows on her dress.

What could he mean? It was wonderful—impossible. Love at first sight? She wasn't in the least like Juliet, who always had seemed rather too gushing to quite satisfy Joan, a girl who put her heart too much forward.

"It's all nonsense, of course; but how handsome, how interesting, he is; a voice like music!" muttered Joan, as she laid her head on her pillow; while later on the childlike breathing that stole from her parted lips was here and there broken with vague murmurs; and in her dreams she was kissing the leaves of a rose that wandering rays of moonlight shone upon—rays that beamed also on the dark noble face of one who smiled.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

M. MEUNIER was as good as his word; he called at Ravensdale the following day, accompanied by his hostess, Mrs. Piggott, whose visits to Miss Carden were generally few and far between.

They invariably differed on questions of dogma. Miss Carden mentally ticketing the Rector's wife as a good-natured hypocrite, whose outward and visible form was the embodiment of fashion, but whose inward and spiritual grace was not lit with the light of holy charity.

She swept into the drawing-room of Ravensdale in an elegant morning-dress of gray cashmere, trimmed with old lace, followed by the French artist, her guest and friend, who saluted Miss Carden with respectful interest and curiosity; and then his eyes traveled round the room in search of Joan. Mrs. Piggott plunged in *medias res* before Miss Carden could get in a word.

"I know how you and dear Joan are situated," she said, vigorously fanning herself, with a consciousness of being ultimately bored by her visit, "the great uncertainty of both your positions here—that is why I think she would do well to profit by M. Meunier's kind offer of instruction and assistance. Joan herself has told me that it is more than probable, after Christmas, she must seek a situation; and she really has a pretty taste for drawing.

"I wish Ada and Gwendoline had the same—I do indeed. You must really allow me the pleasure of purchasing those two water-colors of Joan's reprenting Ravensdale by moonlight."

M. Meunier fidgeted somewhat on his chair, smiled, admired his finger-nails, and examined a large smiling angel in terra-cotta on a cabinet. He pitied Mrs. Piggott for her want of tact and taste; he saw the color rise in the elder lady's thin cheek.

"I do not know if Joan will part with them," old Miss Carden said quietly; "she values them highly. She will keep them always to remind her of Ravensdale."

Miss Carden involuntarily glanced towards M. Meunier as she spoke, and he, glad of an opportunity to be heard, said:

"Truly. How nice of her. It is a fine sentiment to care for one's home."

"It is not her home," explained Miss Carden; "we are merely taking care of it on sufferance during Mr. Challoner's absence from Ireland."

"Indeed. Is Mr. Challoner about to return soon?"

"So they say," here interposed Mrs. Piggott; "and that is why I felt anxious dear Joan should profit by some good drawing lessons; she might enter some school of art, you know, by and by, and earn her bread by painting. They say pot-boilers often bring in a good sum."

"My cousin will be a governess; she will essay no wild flights of any kind," said Miss Carden gravely. "But still, I am extremely obliged to your friend for his kind offer of instruction; he might give us the benefit of his opinion regarding Joan's work."

At that moment the door softly opened, and Joan appeared. She had awoke early, risen, and taken a long ramble by herself amid the purple mountains and flower-decked fields. There was the faint dreamy scent of midsummer in the air; birds were singing, bees flitted from flower to flower; not a leaf stirred, every fanciful imagining of her girlish brain had full scope.

Joan entered with a fine color on her cheeks and a lovely spiritual light in her eyes. Did she for a second pause to think that this man, who had so mysteriously watched her unseen in church, and talked to her the previous night with marked interest and subtile ardor, already viewed her with a lover's tenderness and an artist's criticism?

Their eyes met, and again her color changed; a vague delight and sinking of the heart set her pulses beating as he retained her hand a thought longer than was necessary in his own.

"Will you let me have the pleasure of assisting you in your painting?" he asked, smiling down on Joan's shy changing face. "You may find knowledge useful to you in after-years."

She glanced appealingly at her cousin, who looked considerably mystified and surprised. It was like a romance already, a sort absurd parody on the Lord of Burleigh, and everything whimsical and quixotic.

Perhaps, so quick are women's instincts, she saw danger in the acquaintance for her young cousin. This was the "somebody" who had kept the rose, and with whom Joan had confessed to flirting the previous night.

"My dear Joan, you must not encroach on M. Meunier's time; besides, you are not going to be an artist. You might show him your sketches, and have his opinion of their worth."

"They are simply horrible," said Joan, shrinking from the thought of exhibiting the contents of her portfolio to the critical eye of a trained artist.

"What. Ravensdale by moonlight horrible?" he asked, lifting his glass and again carelessly scanning the angel in terra-cotta!

"Why, how did you hear of that?" she cried, her voice slightly trembling.

"Through me, my dear girl," began Mrs. Piggott, finding herself over-looked. "I wish to purchase your sketches and hang them up in dear Temple's sanctum; the girls say they are quite lovely."

Looking very beautiful in her hesitation and timidity, Joan at last fetched her portfolio and exhibited her drawings.

They were clever, he saw that at a glance, spirited, and true to nature; but they were crude and even careless in their treatment, and yet they pleased him.

The first was a sketch of the sea; angry and rapid clouds swept over the heaving waters, the light falling here and there on a ship, disabled and dismasted, with the lifeboat in the distance pushing off to succor the crew.

The chief beauty of the picture was in the movement of the heavy rolling breakers, the dark expanse of sky, and the suggestion of the storm.

The ship and the lifeboat were utterly out of drawing; and the attempt to represent a corpse floating by the vessel ended in a failure that was almost grotesque.

"It has merit," he said quietly, replacing it; "but you want to work and study more. These water-color sketches of Ravensdale are decidedly the best you have yet attempted; that moonlight on the ivy towers is excellent, one almost feels conscious of the dreamy hush of the summer night. You were in love with your subject evidently."

"Ravensdale is to Joan what Ireland is to Paddy," said Miss Carden rather vaguely; but more reconciled to the stranger since his last speech.

"It's a pity she will ever have to leave it!"

"Whatever is, is best," said poor Joan, philosophically tying the strings of her case; "but still I should like to have your advice and aid, since you are good enough to offer them. I would rather be an artist, of course, than a governess."

"I dare say you would," said Miss Carden rather crossly; she feared Joan might have her little head turned and be good for nothing ever after; "but the idea is not to be tolerated for a moment."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Piggott, amused at Miss Carden's wrath.

"Why not? Because she has her bread to get, and such notions will unsettle her. Artist, indeed!"

"Well, I promise not to let the lessons interfere with common sense," pleaded Joan. But how could she answer for that, with a vague presentiment of "something going to happen" to her? What could it be? Suppose she had real talent, and there was no need for her to lead a drudge's life?

M. Meunier, watching her with his grave ardent eyes, saw the commencement of a delightful romance, that might, after all, be disturbing to common sense, and convince Joan of the truth of his remarks regarding the unforeseen.

After an agitated whisper from Joan in old Miss Carden's ear, Mrs. Piggott, by dint of coaxing, reasoning, and persuading, induced her to agree to M. Meunier's proposal regarding the drawing lessons.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What a woman doesn't know she'll hide.

SO PREVALENT AND SO FATAL has Consumption become, that it is now everywhere dreaded, as the great scourge of humanity; and yet in their formative stages, all Pulmonary Complaints may be readily relieved and controlled by resorting promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a curative specially adapted to soothe and strengthen the Bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and loosen and remove all obstructions. It is a certain remedy for Asthma, and also for Coughs and Colds.

Our Young Folks.

HER OWN WAY.

BY PIPKIN.

"PLEASE, Aunt Howard, I want to go home."

"Home already, Louie? Surely you are not tired of Beechmount yet," Mrs. Howard said, with a smile at her little niece's earnestness.

"All in good time, dear. Now run away, and amuse yourself out of doors; I have letters to write."

Louie left the room slowly, and went upstairs to the nursery.

There was nobody there, so she stood at one of the windows and looked out, feeling very cross, and very miserable, and unhappy; and her cousin Jack had just told her it was all her own fault.

"I'm certain it isn't," Louie said to herself over and over again; "it's because Jack is so unkind, and won't let me do anything I want to."

Louie had come on a visit to her aunt because she was not very strong, and her mamma thought that a stay in the country would do her a great deal of good.

Her own home was in the midst of a great smoky noisy city, and when she when out to walk in the park with her nurse she often came home all grimy from the smoke. So that for Louie it should have been a great happiness to live in the country, and enjoy all the pleasant things at Beechmount.

There was Bustle, Jack's pony, that her uncle was teaching her to ride, and Drowsy and Dapple, the two sleek Alderney cows that Susan milked; there was a boat, in which she was taken for a row sometimes, a glorious swing in the garden, and a beautiful tennis lawn—in fact, there was everything at Beechmount to make a little girl happy, and her uncle and aunt were always planning how to give her pleasure, and at the same time make her well and strong and rosy; and yet Louie was not happy, and wanted to be back again in Greatchester, all because she couldn't just have her own way. At home she always did as she pleased.

Of course, when she came to Beechmount she thought that she could do just the same, and that Jack would humor her too, but he was a wilful boy, who thought girls should do as they were told.

He was a year younger than Louie, but he had been away at school, and gave himself a great many airs on that account.

"Come along, Lou, and see my rabbits," he said the first day she came. "I have three such beauties; but you mustn't touch them, mind, or open the hutch," Jack continued. As soon as she saw them, however, Louie determined to have one of the pretty little things for herself.

"Please, Cousin Jack, I want that white one with the brown ears; will you give it to me?"

"You can buy some, if you want to," Jack replied. "Those are mine, and you mustn't touch them."

But Louie had already opened the door of the hutch, and seized one, and the two others were scampering across the yard in a moment.

Jack followed one, and Snap, his little terrier, chased the other, while Louie ran away to the house with the poor little creature in her arms trembling and panting.

By the time Jack had secured his one, Snap had caught the other, given it a fierce little shake, and tossed it aside.

It did not take him many seconds to finish off poor little bunny.

Just at first Jack could hardly believe that the poor thing was dead, and he felt inclined to give Snap a severe beating, but he remembered that it was all Louie's fault. So he went in to tell her, and demand back the one she had taken.

He was only just in time, for Louie had shut the bunny up in a box, and in a few moments more it would have been smothered.

"The very nicest one is dead, and it's all your fault," he said angrily.

"I'm not friends with you, Cousin Louie, and I won't play with you any more."

And he marched out of the nursery, and never came near her again all that evening.

The next morning Mrs. Howard told the children they might go into the garden and help to gather the fruit, and she gave them each a little basket.

But as soon as Louie saw the swing she wanted to get into it, and then wanted Jack to swing her; but as he was busy with filling his basket he wouldn't, and then Louie went and sat down in a remote corner by herself, and mouldn't do anything, so that she was very miserable and lonely, and wished she was back again in Greatchester, where everbody did just what she wanted them to do.

Mrs. Howard supposed it was only one of the usual disagreements between the children, of which she thought it best to take no notice, as they always made friends of their own accord.

So she sent Louie out to play again.

Instead of going out, she went upstairs, and remained for a little while looking out of the window.

While standing there, she heard the nurse and housemaid talking in the next room.

"What a very unhappy child Miss Louie is!" Mary, the housemaid, said; "she's always getting into trouble."

"Yes; but it's her own fault," nurse replied. "She always wants her own way, and never thinks about one else. It will be a comfort when she's gone home."

That was more than poor Louie could bear.

Pulling her hat over her eyes, she ran downstairs as fast as she could, and across the lawn, never looking back to see if any one was observing her.

Her only idea was to get back to Greatchester, where every one was good to her, and away from Beechmount, where they were all cross, and unkind, and selfish, and didn't want her a bit.

When she got to the end of the avenue, the gates were closed; so she turned back again, and went for a long way through the park till she came to the river, and then she scrambled over the fence, and ran along the path under the trees till she was quite out of breath.

Then, when she looked round, she found herself in quite a strange place.

There were only trees, only great green fields as far as she could see, and a white road twisting and turning in the midst of them, but there was no bridge over the river, so she had to keep by the bank till she came to one; and now there was no path, and the way was very rough, and overgrown with thistles and briars that scratched her legs, and sharp stones that hurt her feet.

At last she sat down on a stone, for she didn't feel able to walk any farther, and began to think what a foolish little girl she had been not to find out the way before she started.

She had even forgotten which side Beechmount was, and there was not a single house in sight; nothing but green fields and hedges, quiet cows lying down lazily, a white road in the distance, and the river flowing along silently.

Louie looked away straight before her till her head began to swim, and everything became confused before her.

Then she slipped off the stone, and fell fast asleep in the path.

When she opened her eyes again she saw several people standing round her, but it was too dark to tell who they were or what they were like; she was cold and hungry, and shivered with fright, but she could not speak a word for some minutes.

At last one of the men shook her gently. "Hey, little miss, wake up, and tell us who you are, and where you are going," he said, putting her on her feet.

"I'm Louie Vincent, and I want to go to Greatchester," she replied, trembling very much.

"Please can you tell me if this is the right way?"

"Greatchester! that's a long distance off," another of the men said. "You are not going all that way by yourself?"

"Yes, please, I want to go home," Louie sobbed.

"Then you must come home with me to-night, little miss," the man who spoke first said, "and we'll see about sending you to Greatchester to-morrow. Come, come, don't cry; I'll take care of you."

"I don't want to go with you. I want to go home," she cried, now terribly frightened, for she saw that the man was rough and common-looking, just like a farm-laborer, and his hands were very hard and dirty.

"Please let me go home;" and she struggled to get away.

"Greatchester is a matter of forty or fifty miles, missy; you can't get there to-night," the men replied. "You must come with me, and my missis will put you to bed. Come along, now do!"

"No, no; please let me go back to aunt Howard if I cannot go home. Please, I want to go to Beechmount."

"Eh!" one of the men exclaimed; "be you the little lady from the Squire's? Let's take her there, Dick."

"I'm tired," Dick grumbled; "and maybe she don't belong there at all."

"Yes I do," Louie put in eagerly. "My uncle and aunt and Cousin Jack live there, and I wanted to go home to my own mamma; and—and—I'm very tired." And she began to cry again.

"Come along, then," one of the men said, taking her up in his arms.

So the three men, who were simply laborers going home from their work on a distant farm, turned aside, and they carried Louie by turns till they reached Beechmount.

There they found the house in the utmost confusion; the servants all rushing about, Mrs. Howard ill from fright and anxiety, and Mr. Howard just starting with a party of men to drag the river.

Of course they were all delighted to get the little runaway back again, and the good-natured laborers were liberally rewarded, and every one was very thankful that matters were no worse.

Louie's feet were sadly blistered, and her legs sorely scratched; she was stiff, too, from sleeping in the damp grass, and had to take a good deal of medicine, and keep indoors for several days.

No one pitied her very much, as it was all her own fault; but when she was well and strong, and able to run about again, she was very much more amiable and unselfish, as she learned that having her own way might bring more trouble than happiness.

CONVALESCENT.—The little story is not one, of "invented facts," nor what, Dr. Holmes calls an embellished truth, but is strictly, literally and unvarnishedly true. A country physician of limited sense and education, was called to see a Mr. R's little boy, who was quite ill. He gave some medicine and left, promising to call again on the following morning. When he arrived Mr. R met him at the gate and informed him that the child was convalescent. "Convalescent?" said the doctor, "convalescent? Then if he is that bad off you'll have to call in some other physician; I never treated a case of it in my life!" And with that mounted his horse and departed.

Grains of Gold.

Want of good sense is the worst of poverty.

The great hope of society is individual character.

Politeness is a wreath of flowers that adorns the world.

There is no pleasure but that some pain is nearly allied to it.

No conflict is so severe as that of him who fights to subdue himself

Earnest activity, believe me, always reconciles one with life at last.

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

He who builds higher than his neighbors is sure to get his neighbors' smoke.

Recreation is not being idle, but easing the wearied part by change of business.

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

Many a foolish man has measured his form in a glass goblet and found ample room to spare.

Virtue dwells at the head of a river, to which we cannot get but by rowing against the stream.

If a man knew as much about himself as he does about his neighbor, he would never speak to himself.

Do not intersperse your language with foreign words and high-sounding terms. It shows affectation

As a malarial air may endanger a good constitution, so bad companions endanger a good character

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; her constant companion is humility.

The real way to improve the world is not to frighten men from getting worse, but to train them up to be better.

Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts of the world wonderfully.

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world.

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories false which ought not to be true.

To be covetous of applause discovers a slender merit, and self-conceit is the ordinary attendant of ignorance.

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews to challenge every new author.

Our conscience is a fire within us, and our sins are the fuel; instead of warming it will scorch us unless the fuel be removed, or the heat of it allayed by penitential tears.

When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues. And if he is found to be untruthful, most other vices are near at hand.

A full grown lie: When a child cannot answer a question, he never says: "Oh, don't bother me now; I'm busy." Only children of a larger growth deal in such subterfuges.

Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, and influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact in the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one.

The only rational liberty is that which is born of subjection, reared in the fear of God, and love of man, and made courageous in the defence of a trust and the prosecution of a duty.

To possess a true-hearted friend is good; but to be able to endure, without resentment, the conduct of a false-hearted friend is still better; the former is a temporary good, the latter eternal.

Perhaps there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry, who pant for the prize, but will not run the race, who thirst for truth, but are too slothful to draw it up from the well.

When the dearest friends we have, out of mistaken tenderness, would persuade us to avoid persecution by relinquishing principle and doing as others do, we should thank them for their love, but with unbending decision refuse to be numbered with the world.

He who diffuses the most happiness, and mitigates the most distress, within his own circle is undoubtedly the best friend to his country and the world, since nothing more is necessary than for all men to imitate his conduct, to make the greater part of the misery of the world cease in a moment.

Economy does not mean simply carefulness in dress, and making things last as long as they will, but it has a broader meaning than this. Time, accomplishments, and opportunities for talents for which you will be held responsible to Him who has given them. For this reason try to economize them well.

Prompt Action in Acute Cases.

In acute cases, Compound Oxygen has been found to act with great promptness. Says one of our correspondents: "I was suffering from cold at the time I received your Treatment which a pain in the head, sore throat, and violent cough—and kept getting rapidly worse, till in a few days I was compelled to keep in my bed. In three days I was able to get up, and was entirely over it in less than ten days, which, considering that I am now an invalid at the best of times, is doing well. and I give the Oxygen due credit." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

A young lady who was squeezed between two freight cars, says it felt just like trying on a pair of new corsets.

Domestic economy is buying twelve shilling shoes for your wife, and twenty-cent cigars for yourself.

It hurts a red headed girl's feelings to address her in the language of Macbeth, "Never shake thy gory locks at me."

A lady lately had her likeness taken by a photographer, who executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original. It is quiet.

It is prophesied that immense quantities of flowers and lace will be used to trim next season's bonnets. Now is the time to get a divorce.

No circus is complete without a beautiful woman, and Pogg, who is posted, says wherever a beautiful woman is you may look out for a circus of some kind.

There is a difference in engagements. In a naval engagement the fighting begins at once, but in matrimony the fighting occurs soon after the engagement.

An Ohio girl was vaccinated between the shoulders in order to be odd, but she fooled herself. Her twenty-eight days so young fellow could put his arm around her.

It is said that Sullivan has had three offers of marriage since he pounded Ryan. A woman always wants some one around who isn't afraid of rats, mice and book agents.

Girls should be careful how they are vaccinated with virus taken from a lover's arm. One at East Saginaw has taken to swearing, sitting cross-legged, and smoking a briar-root pipe.

That little girl unwittingly gave utterance to the principle of many of her elders when she wrote in her composition "She could tell more fibs-takes and tell lies as scientific as [illegible]."

A Frenchman says a widow is like a ship whose captain has been lost. This is a base libel on the widow. She is merely like a ship that has lost its second officer, and for is the need of another mate.

A new washing-machine advertisement has a cut representing nicely-dressed young ladies crowding around the machine, all apparently eager for the privilege of doing the family washing. Very gauzy.

"There," said Miss Dashlie, as she sealed a letter to her lover; "that isn't very bright, but it will do for him. Lovers are all alike. If you but write to them, they don't care a snap of the finger what you say.

There was once a woman who could carry an umbrella without scraping the points across the face of every person on the same side of the street. But she was in a side show, with a circus, and was over seven feet high.

"Hannah, said a Brooklyn lady to her new servant, "when there is any bad news always let the boarders know of it before dinner. Such little things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

The two friends were discussing theatres. "How wide is the stage-opening at Music Hall?" asked one. "Why, I don't know exactly," said the other, "but it is just the width of a Gainsborough hat in the seat in front."

"Just taste that tea," said old Hyson to his better-half, at the supper-table, the other evening. "Well, there doesn't seem to be anything the matter with it. I can't taste anything." "Neither can I; and that's what I'm growling at."

A finely-dressed lady slipped and fell near the postoffice recently, and the gentleman who helped her to rise, inquired, "Did you break any bones, madam?" "No, I guess not," she replied, "but I'm just as mad as if I'd broken a dozen of 'em."

The worst cut up man of the hour, according to a Cleveland paper, is that Western reporter who, in describing the appearance of the belle of the town, at a local picnic, intended to say that she looked *au fait*, but of course the types had to get it *all feet*.

A lady, who had been traveling in Italy, was asked by a friend how she liked Venice. "Oh, very much, indeed," was the reply. "I was unfortunate enough, however, to arrive there just at the time of the heavy floods, and we had to go about the streets in boats."

Indianapolis has a girl twenty years old who claims the ability to handle and count $100 in small bills in four minutes. That's nothing. There are girls in this city that would pay out that sum in small bills in two minutes, and make their fathers feel awfully downhearted.

Mrs. Jenkins didn't present such a grand lay out of food, but she contrived to have three fresh scandals trotted out during the afternoon, and somehow the sewing society went away impressed with the idea that Mrs. Jenkins was splendid at entertaining, and that they had a lovely time.

An Ohio woman, professing to be tired of life, threatened to put an end to it whenever she could find leisure. At the age of 80 she suddenly found that she had finished one piece of work before beginning another. True to her word, she swallowed laudanum without further delay.

Very kind drug clerk to little girl—"Now, my dear, be sure you tell your papa to take this medicine according to the directions on the bottle; an overdose might affect his brain." Little girl—"Oh, I guess there's no danger of that, for I've heard mamma tell him lots of times he never had any brains."

"The patent tidy fastener" is a snare and a hollow mockery. An instrument has never been invented—and never will be—that will secure a tidy in its place. When a man can sit on a chair ten minutes without getting the tidy under him somewhere, or on the floor, he may know that the millennium is only two hours hence.

"Really, aunty dear—" remarked her niece to an elderly maiden lady, who is fond of society, "I can't, replied the old lady, "it isn't my fault if gentlemen think me charming, is it?" "Well, no; I suppose not, after so many successive generations of men have told you so, you may be pardoned for really believing it."

News Notes.

It takes 1,920 silk worms to make a pound of silk.

At St. Petersburg there are 90,000 more males than females.

The pay of the German soldier has been raised to 2 1-2 cents a day.

During the past year 273 cases of suicide occurred in the French army.

There is an average of five applicants for every postoffice in the United States.

Two hundred workmen lost their lives while engaged in building the Hoosac Tunnel.

Another trick of the trade has been exposed; essence of almonds is made from benzine.

The President has a tall young son who goes by the name of "Prince Arthur" in Washington.

A company has been formed at Winnipeg, Manitoba, to supply eastern cities with canned frogs' legs.

The daily price paid for intoxicating drinks in New York is estimated at $270,000, or $98,550,000 a year.

Conway, Arkansas, will not permit even express companies to deliver liquor to citizens of that town.

The secret of the snake-charmers of India is said to be sewing up the mouths of their snakes.

President Garfield's memory is to be perpetuated in Wisconsin by giving his name to a new county

It is stated that a South Carolinian has discovered a process of manufacturing quinine from pumpkin.

It is reported both Germany and Austria have given orders for the strengthening of their Eastern fortresses.

A Maryland girl of 14 years has just married her second husband, who is 16. Her first husband was 65.

Jacob Sleeper, of Boston, has been superintendent of a Methodist Sunday-school for 33 consecutive years.

A baby in Connecticut that was fed on elephant's milk gained 20 pounds in one week. It was the baby-elephant.

It takes 9,703 officials to carry on the city government of New York, and their salaries foot up over $3,000,000 a year.

The wild horses pasturing in the pampas of the Argentine Republic are estimated to number two and a half millions.

The Old Testament revisers have just finished their 75th session, and carried the second revision as far as Jeremiah 12.

Denver lawyers are an industrious lot. One newspaper in that city now has libel suits on hand amounting to $11,000,000.

Many college presidents are opposed to boat racing, on the ground that it engenders betting and gambling among the students.

The German association of spelling reformers has published the first of a series of classical native authors in the new orthography.

The crumbs from the king's table are worth saving. Those from the table of King Alfonso are sold to a certain restaurant for $1,000 per annum.

A Venetian gondolier makes on an average four francs—about 80 cents—a day the year round. On this he will marry, rear a family, and put some money by.

It is stated by Dr. Billings (U. S. A.) that one hundred thousand people die annually in the United States from preventable diseases and avoidable accidents.

It is estimated that 150,000 London people pursue sport with the rod and line, chiefly in the Thames, and that 12,000 London anglers belong to angling clubs.

It is said that a banquet of horse flesh is soon to be given in New York by a party of gentlemen who have lived in Paris, and have there partaken of this delicacy.

The Society for the Protection of Horses, which has been formed in Berlin, purposes to educate coachmen and stable boys as well as to protect the interests of the master.

A negro woman of Kansas City advertises that if the parents of an infant lately left with her do not immediately claim it and pay charges, she will dispose of it at auction.

Imagine the indignation of an American boy in a French school, who in a history class is told how Lafayette, the French General, triumphed in the Revolution, assisted by one Washington!

A young lady of seventeen fell in a faint while dancing at a ball in Georgetown, Col., and died two days later. The Coroner's jury said her death was caused by congestion of the brain superinduced by tight lacing.

A Detroit jury has estimated the value of a husband at $4,875. They awarded this sum to Mrs. Flanders Moran, whose husband was crushed between two cars on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.

Duty to Others.

GREENSBURG, July 1, 1878

This is to let the people know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy-four years of age. My health has been very bad for some years past. I was troubled with weakness, bad cough, great debility and constipation of the bowels, so much so that I could hardly eat anything. I heard of Hop Bitters, and was resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderfully good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and cough all gone. I feel so well that I think it my duty to let the people know, as so many knew how bad I was, what the medicine had done for me, so they can cure themselves with it. ANNA M. KRIDER,

Wife of Tobias Krider.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your [illegible] without caries, and [illegible] use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be scrofula, [illegible] Syphilis, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, disease of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either Acute, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unhealthy.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eye, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREATEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT MORE SUFFERING THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Croup, Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Kidneys, or with Hysterics, Chronic Maladies, or Debility, or with Rheumatism, Sciatica or Rheumatic Pains, Pain in the Hips, or a Chill or Fever, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disorders of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader can call our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, and decide what is truth.

"False and True."

"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"

"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. Radway's [illegible] than the fact that R. R. R. (Radway's Ready Relief) has been [illegible] years, and there are Pills, Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER CURES

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple and reliable remedies known. Dr. Humphreys' Book of Diseases and Their Cure (32 pages) mailed free. Catalogue sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton st. New York

THE DIAMOND DYES.

FOR ANY COLOR

are the Simplest, Cheapest, Best, and most brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 cts dye ever sold. 24 pkgs. for any one color, or any fabric or fancy article. Send for any color wanted and be convinced. Set of fancy cards, samples of ink and 1 pkg. dye, all mailed for 10 cents. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Declared by Editors and Housekeepers to be one of the Most Wonderful Discoveries of Our Time.

The Readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST have doubtless noticed that we have accorded to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP the UNUSUAL DISTINCTION of EDITORIAL NOTICES. We do this, feeling it our duty as public journalists to draw the attention of heads of families to what is beyond doubt a MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, **and one of great importance to the Housekeepers of America.**

It has often been a subject of discussion among men and women of intelligence why the fact should exist that very few inventions are made to lighten the work of housekeeping: and also why it should be that the first impulse of women is to oppose all new methods that are brought to their notice without caring to give them any consideration; and the conclusion that has been arrived at is, that when women are once aroused to a sense of the absurdity of thus standing in their own light, the attention of inventors will be turned to the subject of the needs of Housekeepers, and ironing, sweeping, cooking, dishwashing, etc., will be made easy by the aid of science.

A PHILADELPHIAN, of SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS, having had his attention aroused to the necessity of such aids to Housekeepers, has perfected what he has called "The Frank Siddalls Soap" and "The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes," and the SATURDAY EVENING POST takes pride in telling its readers that, by the use of its advertising columns, backed up by its editorial endorsements of the *thorough reliability of these aids*, the attention of thousands of overworked Housekeepers has been drawn to this article,

And Warm Letters of Thanks are Daily being Mailed from All Parts of the United States,

Containing heartfelt thanks for what this great invention has done for the writers. These Letters, a few of which have been published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, constitute

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF NOT LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS,

not one of them Solicited. The originals can be inspected by any one who will take the trouble to call at the Office of the Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is really no matter for wonder that this effort should have been attended with such marked success, as the unheard-of offer made is so fair: to furnish a cake of the Soap by mail (postage prepaid) for trial to any one who will send the retail price (10 cts.) and will promise to use the Soap on the whole of a regular family wash, and exactly by the Directions, when the postage alone is 15 cts., the cost of the box 6 cts., and a regular 10-cent cake is sent—all for 10 cents. It seems to us as if every one of our Subscribers must feel impelled to make the necessary promises and send for a cake of the Soap and try for themselves its wonderful virtues.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST also endorses all these statements, and tells its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that their attention had been directed to better methods.

Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Don't spoil the old Boiler Sally,
we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK

And Wives of Dealers

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, should get their husbands to write to the office and get a circular, showing a remarkably liberal inducement to Dealers' Wives to get them to give the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial in their own houses.

In giving Editorial approval to the Frank Siddalls Soap we are only one among many publishers, who, knowing the Soap to be, and to do, all that is claimed for it, have given it unqualified endorsement. Among other high-class Journals may be mentioned

THE METHODIST,
THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES,
THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD,
THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE,
THE NORRISTOWN HERALD,
THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,
THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK,
THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS,
N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL & CATHOLIC REGISTER

Besides a host of well-known Journals, too numerous to mention.

AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices, And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

☞ After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

Make your promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND FOR THE SOAP UNTIL THEIR WIVES HAVE PROMISED TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH EVERY REQUIREMENT.

The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER. NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash board and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—(*a full hour is the best*) and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes—*but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water or it will waste.* ☞ Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows. Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling.

ALWAYS make the blue-water soapy, *and the less bluing the better;* there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue-water. *Do not skim this off.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Where clothes have to lie over-night, on account of bad drying weather where it is not convenient to dry them in doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse-water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, *and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy,* to stand over night; next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue-water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co, Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn, is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Okolona, Ark., Feb. 15.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you represented. I would not take $2 for it. It is by far the prettiest premium I ever saw.

Utica, N. Y., Feb. 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is my ideal of a literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it.

MRS. E. GRANT.

Church Hill, Ind., Feb. 21, '82.

Editor Post—Premium received, and consider it simply elegant. Out of eleven premiums this is decidedly the handsomest.

C. MCCOLLISTER.

Boone, Ia., Feb. 28, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture admire it. Hope it will bring you many patrons.

JOHN KING.

Fort Grat'ot, Mich., Feb. 15, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday, and am very much pleased with it. It is very beautiful indeed. Accept our thanks.

MRS. K. MORRISON.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 9, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. It is much nicer than we expected. It shall have an elegant frame, and hang in our best parlor. Thanks.

MRS. A. B. WAITE.

Mill Creek, Ill., Feb. 21, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. We are decidedly well pleased with it.

F. MAYER.

Taunton, Mass., Feb. 22, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. It is a very beautiful gift, and am well pleased with it.

MRS. W. S. HOLT.

Shelbina, Mo., Feb. 23, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please one and all. It is superb!

MRS. E. BRANHAM.

Dalton, Mass., Feb. 10, 82,

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are pleased with it. It exceeded our expectations.

JOHN H. SMITH.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful—truly magnificent. Please accept my sincere thanks.

MRS. F. B. SHIRAS.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am more than pleased with it.

D. F. HAGAN.

Ringwood, N. C., Feb. 21, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is a very handsome picture. Have shown it to several of my friends, all of whom admire it very much, and expect them all to subscribe. I certainly think the picture a splendid gift, far exceeding my most sanguine expectations. Your efforts merit success.

MRS. J. E. MOORE.

Belvidere, Feb. 17, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am well pleased with it. It is very pretty indeed. I will do all in my power to increase your list.

MARTHA A. STEPHENSON.

Waynart, Pa., Feb. 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. It is so natural and lifelike. I am more than satisfied.

JEREMIAH DARLING.

Carrs Creek, N. Y., Feb. 23, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown the paper and picture to several friends, all of whom enthuse over it. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

WM. J. YOUNG.

Butler, O., Feb. 16, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations. I have been a constant subscriber of your valuable paper for nearly eight years, and have received many premiums, but none of them are to be compared this one. Accept my kindest wishes for the prosperity of the dear old POST.

MARY DILTS.

Hudson, Mich. Feb. 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. All who have seen it pronounce it the most beautiful premium they have ever seen sent out by any publisher. I shall try and induce all my friends to subscribe for THE POST, the most excellent journal published. Couldn't do without it.

W. W. GUTTING.

Beacon, Mich,. Feb. 21, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," received, and I consider it grand.

T. JOHN RUSSELL.

Humorous.

One touch of vaccinate makes the whole world howl.

A jam in the closet is worth two in the crack of the door.

A good motto for the ice man—Just-ice for whom just ice is due.

Farmers are barbarians; some of them shock a cornfield by their actions.

"If I rest, I rust," is a German proverb. "If I trust, I bust," is the American version.

"I'm the light of this menagerie!" cried the tapir. Then the other beasts wanted to put him out.

It is said that the ordinary life of a bee is only ninety days. The end of a bee, however, is very lively.

The good that men do may be interred with their bones, but the coffins of some men are not crowded.

A man eats cloves between the acts, so that not a breath of suspicion may be cast on his temperance character.

"Mother Has Recovered,"

wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time, but they done no good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort, she got a box, and it has completely cured her, so that she can do as much now as she could before we moved West. Since she has got well, everyone about here is taking it." See adv.

Remarkable Enterprise.

A gentleman of this city recently took a run out to Washington, N. J., to look through the new mammoth Piano and Organ factory of Daniel F. Beatty, and thus speaks of the gigantic enterprise, where are manufactured his well-known pianos and organs. Among others things he says: "In a hurried manner we traversed acres of floor in the new factory devoted to the manufacture of his celebrated instruments. We could hardly realize that this indomitable man had within five months been burned out entire, and those immense structures have been erected and put in operation since, and now turning out 30 musical instruments a day, which we were assured might be doubled in 30 days, and trebled in ninety, for it must be remembered that the final finish on instruments in this new factory had but just begun. The treatment received from the proprietor, and the facilities given to look thoroughly into his business, showed an entire co ence in himself, his system and his instruments. At e well-known Beatty Building, in the heart of the city, he has the most magnificent, well-arranged suite of office rooms on the continent; and busy, intelligent and polite managers, correspondents and clerks, attest to the perfect system necessary to the transaction of such a mammoth establishment."

Worth Sending For.

Dr. J. H. Schenck, of this city, has just published a book on "Diseases of the Lungs and How They Can be Cured," which he offers to send free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 523 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

Important.

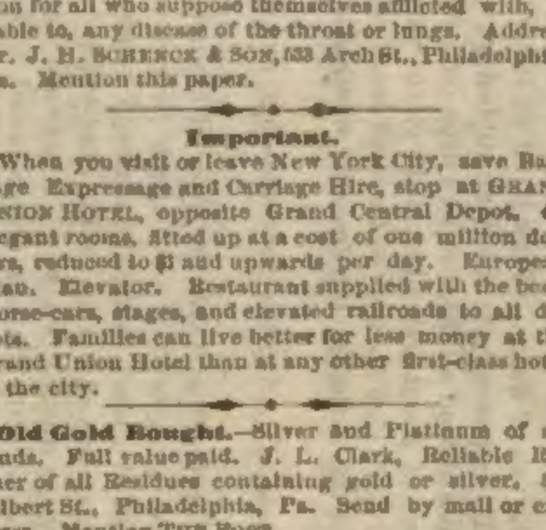
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 350 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 522 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

NOTHING ever can give such entire satisfaction for toilet use as Pearl's White Glycerine and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the great household medicine of the American people, and is taken everywhere as a safeguard against epidemics, and endemics, as a remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, and irregularities of the bowels, as a cure for chills and fever and rheumatic ailments, as a sedative in nervous cases, and as a general invigorant and restorative.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,

Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Warner Brothers
CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BROS., 373 Broadway, N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, proper use of this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

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FREE TO F. A. M. Beautiful Colored Engraving, showing the Ancient Masonic Masters recently discovered in Egypt. Large new illustrated catalogue of Masonic books and goods, with bottom prices; also particulars of the highly lucrative employment offered F. A. M. REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 723 Broadway, New York.

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New Goods never before introduced for Agents Terms that can't be beat. New 60-page Catalogue free. Nason & Co., 111 Nassau St, New York.

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert jewelers fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called Diamante Brilliants, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to old mine diamonds of the first water. We are sending out hundreds of these daily, and could fill a volume with the unsolicited expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of Diamante Brilliants—the earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the stud 2-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $15 each.

We don't sell Diamante Brilliants, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscriptions; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our Diamante Brilliant Premiums, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more suitable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of three dollars we agree to send The Saturday Evening Post one year—52 times, and any one of the Diamante Brilliants.

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending $3 instead of $3. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will refund your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—The Post is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its sixtieth year, and this offer should not be confounded with the tempting premiums of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Floralia Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike interesting to every member of the home circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $1 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence. It has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express-office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card-board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post 720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO.

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SEEDS

Bulbs, Ornamental Grasses, and Immortelles, Gladiolus, Lilies, Roses, Plants, Garden Implements. Beautifully illustrated. Over 100 pages. Address

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New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and, in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready, and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLAS BROS., 43 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mention this paper.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. OUR NEW PACK FOR 1882. 50 ALL Chromo Cards, [Even the Stock] Artistic designs of Swiss Floral, Sea-View, Wreath, Landscape, Gold and Silver Panel, Bird Motto, Butterfly, Moonlight, Summer and Winter Scenes, all in beautiful [not gaudy] colors, with your name in fancy type, 10c. Sample Book of 80 costly Styles for 1882 25c. 40 per cent paid to Agts, or beautiful prizes given for clubs. Particulars with every order. CARLTON PRINTING CO, Northford Conn.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $300 Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

Beatty's Organs 27 stops $90. Pianos $125 up. Factory running day & night. Papers free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

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